

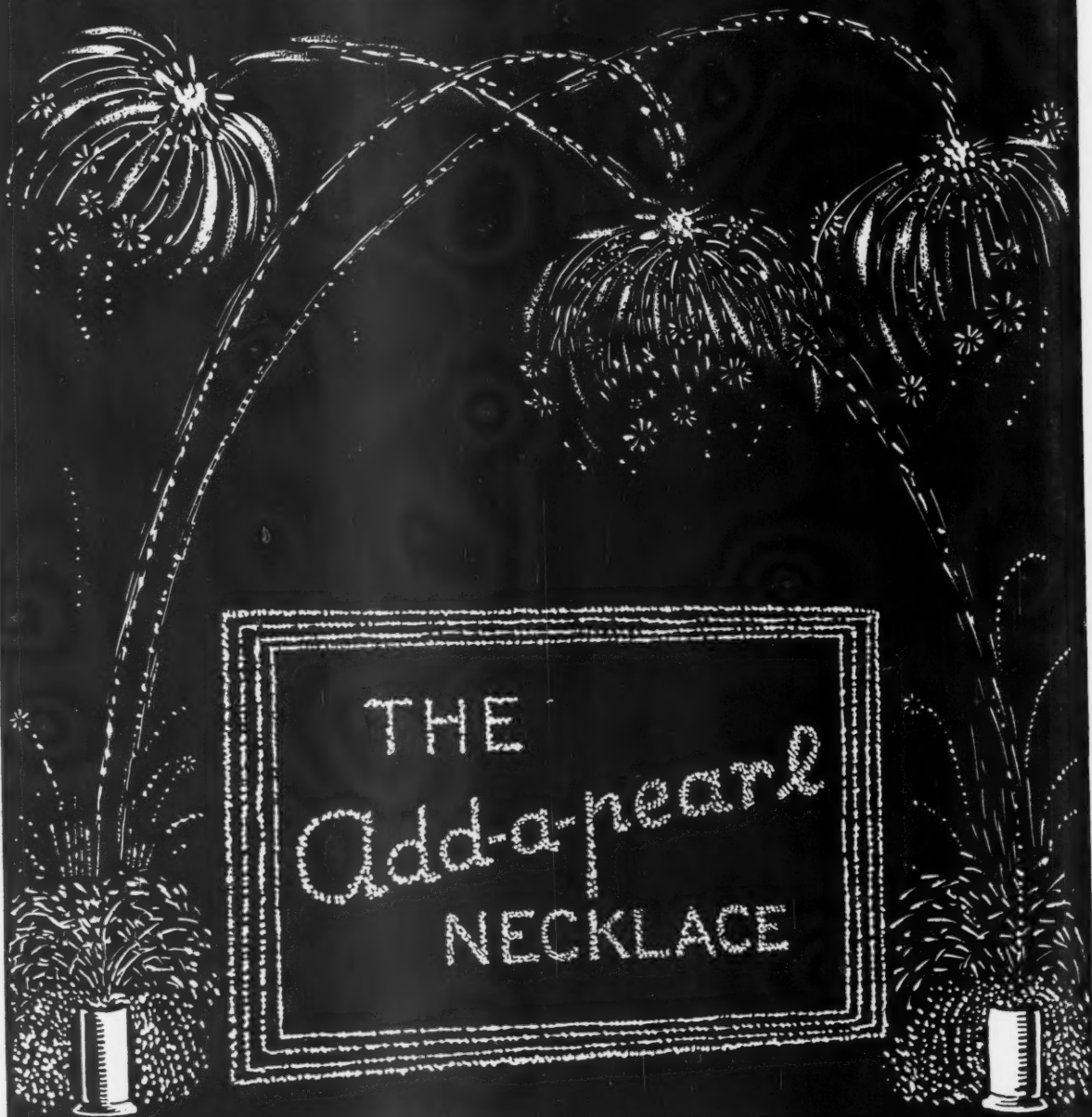
CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



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The next day, before the Gazelle came down to the river, the Black Men ran out underneath the trap, to make sure everything was set. Here was the Monkeys' chance. Two Monkeys, the ones with the sharpest teeth, ran out to where the vines held up the basket.

Clip! Clip! The Monkeys' teeth snipped through the vines—and down fell the basket—right over the Black Men, who were caught in their own trap. How the Monkeys laughed, and how pleased was the little Gazelle, when he came along, and saw how he had been saved.

Wasn't it clever of the Monkeys to trap the Black Men, and save the Gazelle? But it wouldn't have worked, of course, unless they had had such good, strong teeth, to cut through the vines and spring the trap. Most monkeys do have good teeth, because they eat lots of crisp, hard foods—foods that must be



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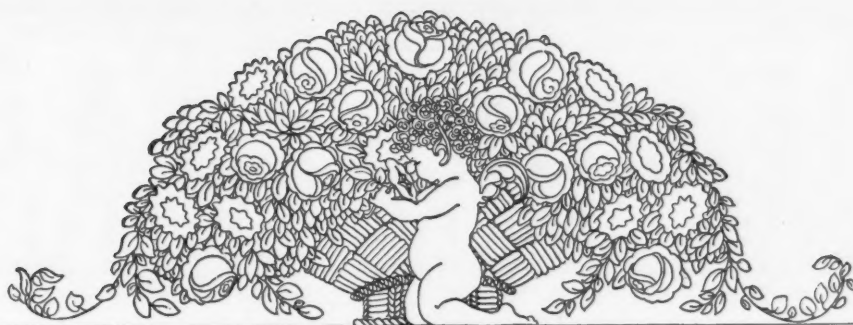
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Volume VII
Number VII

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1928

	PAGE		PAGE
COVER DESIGN . . . Helen Chamberlin		NURSERY NUGGETS	
GREETING PAGE		THE FLOWER DOLL . . . Flavia Rosser	408
FARM FUN . . . Rose Waldo	389	Illustrations by Ruth Schuessler	
Drawing by Mildred Lyon Hetherington		HILLTOP CASTLE	
FRONTISPICE . . .	390	SERIAL, PART II . . . Eleanor Hammond	410
Drawing by Corina Melder-Collier		Illustrations by Corina Melder-Collier	
INDEPENDENCE DAY . . . Helen Wing	391	CHILD LIFE KITCHEN	
Drawing by Corina Melder-Collier		TOMATO SALAD . . . Clara Ingram Judson	414
ADVENTURE STORIES		Silhouettes by L. Kate Deal	
THE MAGIC POPPERS . . . Constance J. Wardell	392	PUZZLE—THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON	
Illustrations by Alice Carsey		Helen Hudson	416
PARTIES		OUR WORKSHOP . . . A. Neely Hall	418
A TREASURE HUNT . . . Jean Walden	394	ROLLING DOWN A HILL . . . Dorothy Aldis	419
Illustrations by Ilona De Kerekjario		OVER THE TELEPHONE	
HAPPINESS HALL		Myrtle Jamison Trachsel	424
SAM, FLAG BEARER . . . Nancy Byrd Turner	396	Illustrations by Ethel R. Cline	
Illustrations by Hazel Frazee		OUR BOOK FRIENDS . . . Avis Freeman Meigs	427
IN MUSIC LAND		GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE . . . Frances Cavanah	429
THE PATRIOTIC SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES		INDOOR PASTIMES	
Henry Purmort Eames	398	LONESOME . . . Helen Cowles LeCron	431
Decorations by Corina Melder-Collier		Illustrations by Mazie Border	
SON OF THE DESERT		A MOTHER GOOSE GAME . . . Patten Beard	434
SERIAL, PART I . . . Eunice Tietjens	400	Illustration by Dorothy Short	
Illustrations by Hazel Frazee		YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S . . . Marie Driggs	438
THE BARN AND OAK LIMITED		STORYBOOK PEOPLE IN PAINT	
Edith Mason Armstrong	403	Ruby Short McKim	439
Illustrations by Alice Carsey		CHILD LIFE INFORMATION BUREAU	
CHIP'S CHUMS . . . Marjorie Barrows	405	Florence Gridley Knight	440
Silhouettes by L. Kate Deal		THE JOY GIVERS' CLUB . . .	441
NATURE STORIES			
GREY FOX GOES HOME . . . David Newell	406		
Illustrations by Erwin Manheim			

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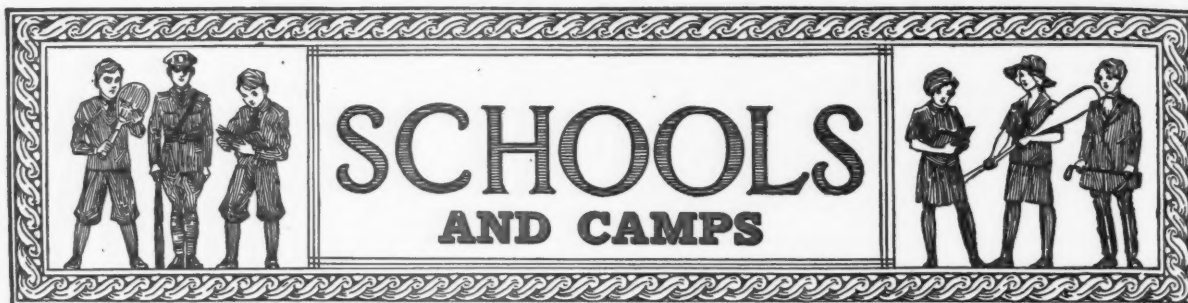


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and most of them can, but stammers in the pre-
sence of others, it must be that in the presence of
others he does something that interferes with
Nature in the speech process. If then we know
what it is that interferes, and the stammerer be
taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is
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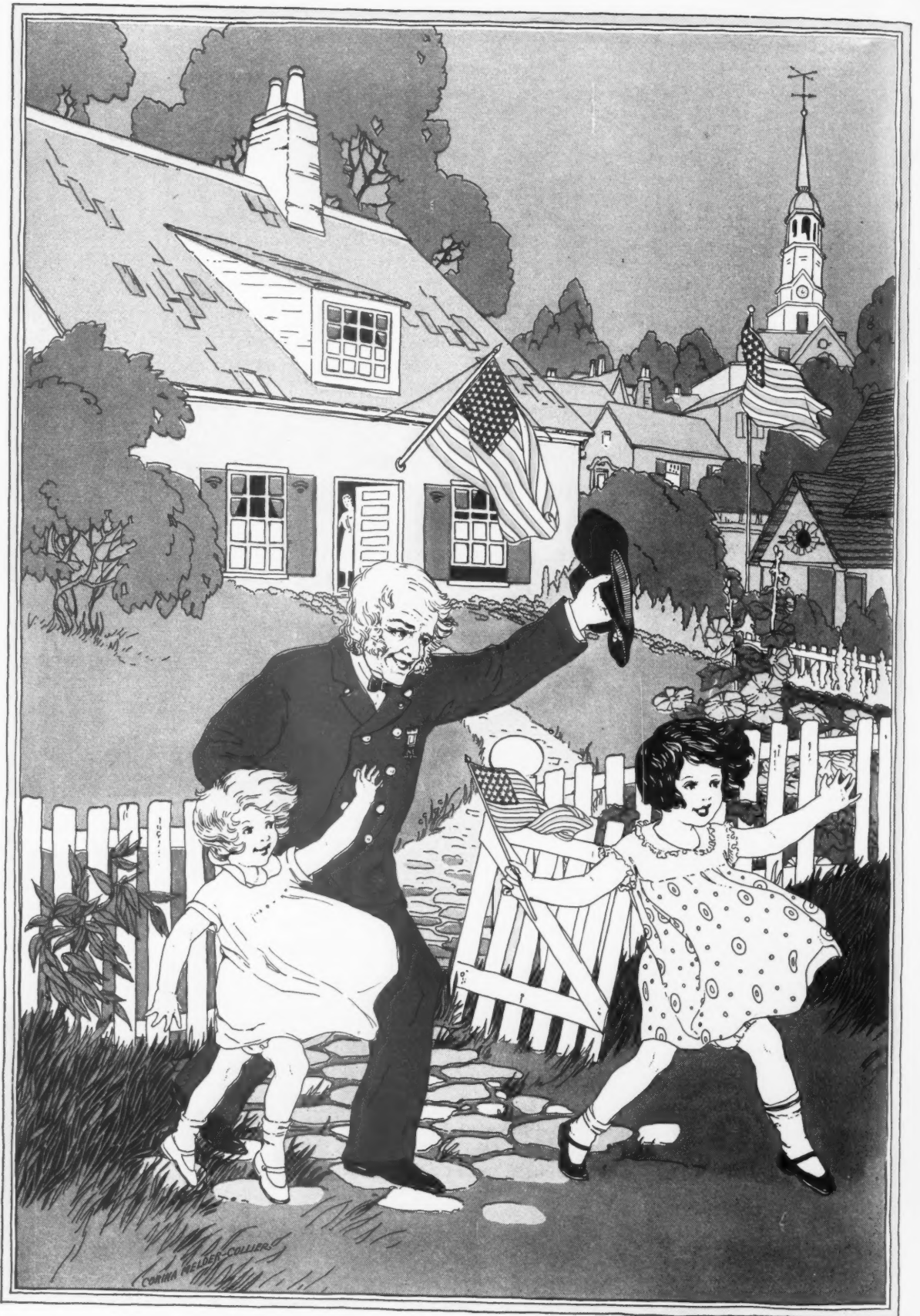
270 Madison Avenue, New York



FARM FUN

GOOD-BYE, everybody, we are going away
To Grandfather's farm all summer and play
With the calves and the colts and the lambs that run
And frisk on the meadows and kick at the sun.
We'll feed the young chickens and chase the old gobbler
And pick all the berries for Grandmother's cobbler.
We'll ride on the hay and jump on the mows
And run with old Rover to drive home the cows.
On Grandfather's farm are such interesting things,
We won't come back home till the school bell rings!

Paul Hedges Editor





INDEPENDENCE DAY

HELEN WING

HURRY, little brother,
Or you'll miss the fun.
The big parade is starting,
The music's just begun;
So bring your shiny trumpet
And toot it as you run
For Independence Day is here!

Hurry, little sister,
Let your playthings go;
The drummers are a-drumming
And marching in a row.
The flags are waving proudly
So every one will know
That Independence Day is here!

Hurry, little grandpa,
To the village square;
They're marching from the courthouse
And all your friends are there.
The crowds are cheering for you,
There is no time to spare
For Independence Day is here!

Hurry, everybody;
Don't you hear the band?
It's coming round the corner,
The uniforms are grand;
'America' it's playing
And telling all the land
That Independence Day is here!



THE MAGIC POPPERS

By CONSTANCE J. WARDELL



WHOWER heard of the like? "A Fourth of July without a celebration! No, not a parade nor a picnic. Why, it was as bad as Christmas without hanging up stockings. And even worse than Easter without the Easter bunny and the jolly colored eggs he hides around the house.

No wonder Judy was almost crying about it! Tim dug his hands way down in his trousers' pockets and Nicky kicked his heels hard against the attic steps where he was sitting and Bobs whistled a very mournful dirge.

"How could Mother and Daddy go off on that trip?" added Nicky.

"And leave us all alone at home without saying we could go to the city," went on Bobs.

"And forbid our having any fireworks without them to watch us," finished Tim.

"We've got sparklers, but they aren't any good until nighttime," said Judy. "The sun's shining and it's a perfectly gorgeous day. Whatever can we do with ourselves, when we can't even go out of the yard until Mother and Dad get back?"

Tim jumped up suddenly. "I

know," he exclaimed. "Let's climb up that little ladder to the attic and see what's up there. The man who rented us the house for the summer said it was as old as the Revolutionary War. Maybe there's some old junk up there to play with."

Bobs was first up the ladder, pushing open the little trap door in the floor with such a jerk that a handful of sand came sifting down on Judy's hair. The old attic was long and dark but Tim lighted an old-fashioned taper to help them explore its black corners. Nicky gave a shrill whistle as the light flared up, for there on top of a dusty trunk were four little paper poppers laid out in a row. Behind them was a neat sign that said, "Yours for a safe and sane Fourth of July. Follow directions."

The first popper had a tag labeled, "Tim—Master of Ceremonies. To be popped as soon as you find this."



The next one read, "Judy—Hostess. To be popped at lunch time."

The third one said, "Nicky—Band Master. To be popped at three o'clock."

And the last one was inscribed, "Bobs—Leader of the Chase. Pop this at six o'clock and work fast."

The children jumped up and down with glee, and a little mouse stuck his head out of the corner to see what was disturbing the attic shadows. Tim held his popper in his two hands and pulled it. A little silver bullet popped out and frightened the little mouse away. Tim scrambled on all fours for the bullet and ripped the tinfoil off hurriedly. Inside was a folded paper that said, "Hunt for treasure in the old sea chest under the rafters."

The four children struggled with the rusty lock until finally Bobs threw the lid back with a mighty push. Nicky pulled out a curious old white wig and a pair of buckled slippers. "Oh goody, things to dress up in!" shouted Judy.

Four pairs of hands delved into the chest until the children were almost buried under a pile of coats, tights, ruffles and three-cornered hats.

"Costumes that they wore in Revolutionary times," said Tim who was the oldest and studied real history books in school.

"Oo," piped Judy. "We can have a *real* Fourth of July party."

"And dress up like the men who signed the Declaration of Independence," said Nick.

"I'll be Thomas Jefferson—he wrote it, you know. And Bobs can be John Adams. And, Nicky, you be Benjamin Franklin," commanded Tim. "Judy, there aren't any girls' clothes here. How'd you like to be Charles Carroll?"

Judy looked dubious but Tim reassured her.

"Why, he was

one of the bravest of them all. When those men signed the Declaration of Independence they were all open to the charge of high treason.

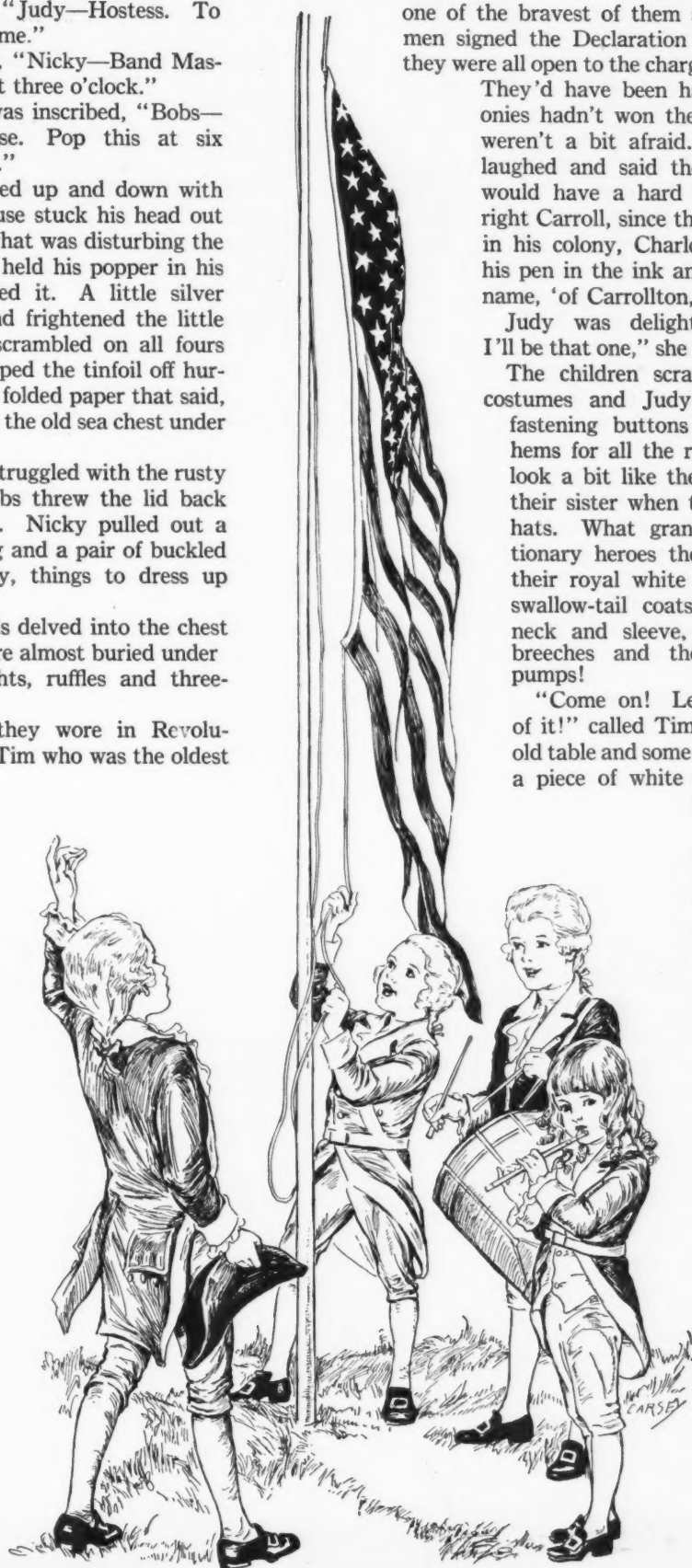
They'd have been hanged if the colonies hadn't won the war. But they weren't a bit afraid. When the rest laughed and said the king's troopers would have a hard time finding the right Carroll, since there were so many in his colony, Charles Carroll dipped his pen in the ink and wrote after his name, 'of Carrollton, Maryland.'

Judy was delighted. "All right, I'll be that one," she said with pride.

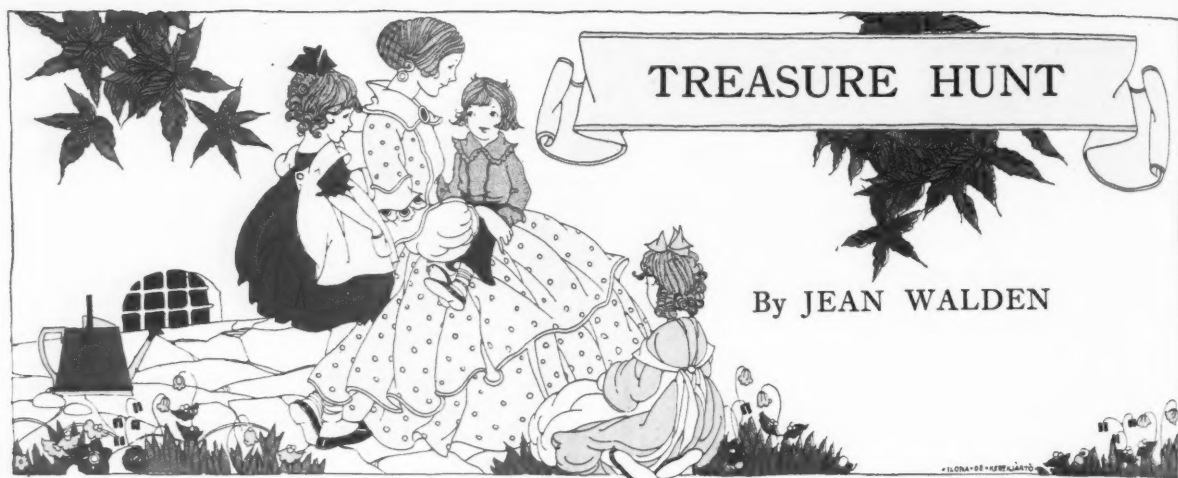
The children scrambled into their costumes and Judy was kept busy fastening buttons and pinning up hems for all the rest. They didn't look a bit like the Baker boys and their sister when they donned their hats. What grand young Revolutionary heroes they appeared with their royal white wigs, their black swallow-tail coats, their ruffles at neck and sleeve, their satin knee breeches and their silver-buckled pumps!

"Come on! Let's play the rest of it!" called Tim, dragging out an old table and some chairs. He found a piece of white parchment and a long quill pen.

"Our Own Declaration of Independence," he wrote with a flourish. "We, Timothy, Judith, Nicholas and Robert, in full congress assembled, do proclaim that we are and ought to be independent children with rights to a surprise Fourth of July every year. We, therefore, demand that our parents go off on a holiday trip by themselves next year. If they can't think up any more surprises (here Tim grinned reminiscently to



[Continued on page 426]



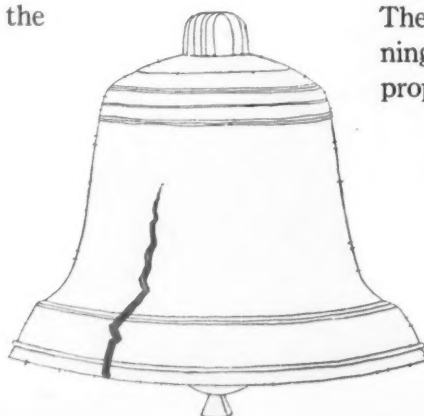
ISN'T it exciting to think of combining a great big Fourth of July celebration and a treasure hunt with a regular red-white-and-blue birthday party in honor of our own United States? Even nations are born, you know, and July Fourth just happens to be the birthday of *our* nation.

Every child loves to see his or her name on the outside of an envelope, so if Mother says you may have this party, we had better get busy and make our own patriotic invitations in the following way. Of course, Mother will show us how to make them.

Take a large white correspondence card, fold the top and the bottom of the card and cut out a picture of the old Liberty Bell. Color the outside with brown water colors, using pen and ink to outline the famous "crack." Tie a bow of red, white and blue ribbon through the ring at the top in such a way that it will also keep in place the loose red "tongue" or clapper of the bell. Write the invitation on the inside of the bell.

There's a secret invitation
In this Liberty Bell of old
To join our little party
If you'll do as you are *told!*

Come on Wednesday at 3 o'clock
To our little celebration.
The date, you see, is July
Fourth,
The birthday of our nation!



After the children have all arrived, ask them to sit in a circle on the floor. Different objects (wrapped in white tissue and tied with red and blue ribbons) are passed, one at a time, around the circle. Each package contains a symbol of patriotism usually to be found in any child's playroom. There may be a drum, a tin soldier, or a flag.

Each child tries to guess the contents of the package either through the sense of touch or by its appearance, and passes it on to the next child if he fails. The one guessing the greatest number receives a box of candy in the shape of a firecracker.

The next game is a very instructive one, using for its background our first American flag. A large copy of this flag can easily be drawn on a large sheet of white paper. Instead of the circle of stars leave a blank space.

Each child is then blindfolded and given a silver star to pin in this space. The child most successful in pinning the thirteenth star in its proper place should be given a flag as it appears to-day.

We shall now start on our patriotic treasure hunt. For the child who is fortunate enough to have a sand pile in the back yard, this hunt is a source of never-ending delight, because the element of surprise is

always fascinating.

Dig as many holes in the sand pile as there are children, and place in each hole some small inexpensive toy. Cover with sand and mark each place with a tiny American flag stuck into a wooden button mold marked with the name of a child.

When the hunt begins, every child must find his own flag, and dig straight down into the sand beneath it until the object of the search is found. It may be a mouth organ, a candy cane, a doll's bright-colored parasol, a red-white-and-blue lead pencil, a box of paints, drum, or a book of paper dolls.

If the treasure hunt is to take place indoors, the toys may be hidden under chairs and cushions, behind tables and pillows which are marked with flags, too.

A patriotic march may be played while the children march into the dining room.

The table may be arranged as for a birthday, since this party is really in honor of the glorious birth of a nation.

A white cake stands in the center, aflame with red candles, which look for all the



world like fire-crackers.

A stick of red candy is wrapped in waxed paper, one end of which is left quite long and twisted hard between the fingers to resemble the fuse of a fire-cracker. The candy is then rolled up inside of a napkin. A patriotic napkin ring is made by wrapping red cardboard about the napkin, pasting

edges together and allowing the waxed-paper "fuse" to protrude.

Place cards are little dolls dressed only in white ribbons reaching from shoulder to hip and marked with the names of the guests. They carry tiny American flags over their shoulders.

Tall red candles burn at either end of the table. By scattering silver stars over the cloth, an almost sparkling appearance is produced, which is quickly reflected in the circle of little dancing eyes of the boys and girls about the table.

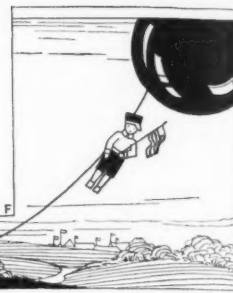
Ice cream may be served in rather thick slices, with a pile of cannon balls (which are really just round licorice candies) on top.





SAM, FLAG BEARER

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER



Author of "Magpie Lane," etc.

LETTICE had looked forward with much pleasure to the fair and picnic which her class was planning to hold on the Fourth of July. Being very clever with her fingers, she had offered to make three dozen special paper dolls for the fancy table. Then, when she was in the very midst of cutting out the dolls, word came that Uncle Roger, her favorite uncle, would stop for a brief visit on the way to his ship. Though it would have to be very brief indeed—only an hour or two—any visit from Uncle Roger was better than nothing. But it was going to fall on the very afternoon of the picnic!

"Well," said Lettice, "if I'd miss a picnic for anything on earth, it would be for Uncle Roger. I'd miss a king's picnic for him."

Her uncle's letter had said that he would come during the afternoon of the Fourth. At noon of that day the dolls were not quite ready; they must be, Lettice knew, by three o'clock, for then a messenger was coming for them. After dinner she put on her best dress in honor of Uncle Roger and, gathering up her working materials, went down into the garden. The grape arbor would be a lovely, cool place to work and wait in.

As she painted she felt a little wistful. "I wish one of the girls would drop in for a chat," she thought. But, of course, they were all getting ready for the fun.

The dolls made a pretty group. The one that she liked best was a jolly boy doll in scarlet trousers, white shirt, and dark blue cap. She was looking at him when Donald, her cousin, appeared.

Donald was carrying a splendid red balloon. "See, it almost pulls me off my feet!" he cried.

Lettice admired the balloon, and then she showed

him the boy doll. "He's a regular Fourth of July boy," she said. "His clothes are red, white, and blue. He wants to be in a parade."

"Let's name him Sam," Don proposed. "For Uncle Sam, you know."

Lettice was pleased. "And he shall have a flag to carry, too," she said. She picked up a tiny silk flag that lay beside her, and with deft fingers glued and then sewed it into the crook of the doll's arm. The little figure stood very straight and seemed to smile.

"I like him so specially well," said Lettice, "that I'm going to write my name and address on him. Maybe some day he will come back to call."

So she wrote across his shoulders, "Lettice Merton, Cedar Cottage."

Don was playing with his balloon; when he held the end of the string it rose quickly to the top of the arbor.

"My, how it pulls!" he exclaimed. "Sam, old chap, how would

you like a balloon ride? That's more fun than marching."

With a piece of strong thread he tied the little doll securely to the string, just below the balloon. He began to pay out the string. "One, two, three, up goes he! See him wave Old Glory as he goes!"

The big red ball soared slowly; as it rose the little doll seemed to look earnestly earthward. Don drew him down for another flight.

"Be very careful with that flier," Lettice warned, as she turned back to her work. "I like him best of any doll I ever made."

All at once something very unexpected happened. Just as Don leaned over to look at the rest of the dolls, a sudden little gust of wind came racing through the arbor. It was a level little wind, and as



HAZEL FRAZEE

it soared along it snatched the string from his lax fingers and pushed the balloon swiftly along in front of it. Don and Lettice leaped from the chairs, but they were too late. Before they could grasp the trailing string, the balloon was out of the wide door and gone! They saw it soaring into the air quite out of reach. The one small passenger seemed to look back with wide eyes and wave his bright flag as he went.

"O Lettice!" Don gasped. "What can I do? And your favorite doll tied to it! I'm so sorry."

Lettice tried to smile.

"Never mind, Don," she said. "Perhaps I can make another just like him. I'll try, anyway."

But there was no time to try, for just then the messenger came to take the dolls away. As Don hurried off to get ready for the picnic, his face was very solemn. It was hard enough to have lost his lovely balloon, but losing Lettice's doll was worse.

When he had gone, the little girl felt lonely. It was lovely to be waiting for Uncle Roger; still, he might be pretty late, and meanwhile what jollity and what delicious ice cream they were having at the picnic! Her mind turned to Sam; she pictured him floating away and away. The wind had fallen entirely, she noticed. Where was Sam now?

After a while, curled up in the wicker chair, she fell asleep. She dreamed that she was at the picnic explaining why Sam, the handsomest of the paper dolls, was missing.

"He went ballooning," she said in her dream. "And he hasn't come back. Perhaps he will, though."

After a while something awakened her. "I do believe," she murmured, blinking, "that I've been asleep." Then she leaned forward and stared, still blinking, at something in front of her. "For that matter," she went on in a louder voice, "I'm still asleep, for here is Sam."

Sure enough, the little paper doll was standing straight up in the air in front of her, balloon, flag and all. Looking still closer, she saw that the balloon was tethered to the leg



of her big wicker chair.

"Look here, Sam Martin," she said solemnly, "if I *am* awake, you've got to tell me where you came from."

At that there was a sound of smothered laughter just behind the arbor. Then a bright, tousled head was poked in. Presently a little girl followed the head.

Lettice had never seen the little girl before. "Now I know well enough I'm asleep," she remarked in a decided tone.

The little girl, laughing still, came slowly toward her. "I'm not a dream," she said. "My name is Sally Evans, and your mother said that I'd find you out here. But you were asleep, so I waited."

"Oh, if she'd just stay a while!" Lettice thought. Aloud she said, "Please sit down. How did you know about me? And, oh, *do* you know anything about this paper doll?"

Sally laughed harder than ever. "I know a good deal about him," she said. "Father and I were out driving, and we found the balloon tangled in a bush by the side of the road. When we had untangled it, there was the doll. We read your name and address on his back, and brought him here."

Lettice promptly told Sally her end of the tale. "I'm so glad to have him back," she said, her face shining. "And Don's balloon, too." Then she looked a little sober. "Is your father waiting for you, Sally?"

"No, indeed," was Sally's reply. "He said that I might visit with you till he came back—and that will be two hours from now—a long enough time for you to show me how to make paper dolls."

That was a jolly two hours. The girls talked and laughed, and cut and painted, their heads close together, while above them Sam bobbed happily.

They were so busy that they did not hear steps on the stair. All at once a voice said loudly, "But *where* on earth did he come from?"

Sally and Lettice looked up. There

[Continued on page 422]





THE PATRIOTIC SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL. B.

*Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and Lecturer of American Conservatory, Chicago;
Ex-President of the Society of American Musicians*

"Sing the songs of liberty,
Songs that shall not die."

THE glorious *Fourth of July* is coming! Father stays home and takes you and Mother over to Main Street to watch the parade of the grand old veterans of our Civil War, followed by the younger veterans who fought in the Spanish War, and the brave, young veterans of the World War—"The American Legion."

Our Stars and Stripes are waving everywhere and bands are playing "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," "Hail Columbia," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and "Over There," and the band which leads the Spanish War veterans is playing "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-yea." (I wonder if any of you even know this once very popular song.)

We don't mind the heat, or having to stand on our tiptoes to see it all, for this yearly parade is so thrilling, so inspiring that we forget all else but our love of country, and the pride we feel in the patriots who made the Declaration of Independence possible, and in those who have fought ever since it was signed on the Fourth of July, 1776, to preserve the freedom it guarantees for us all.

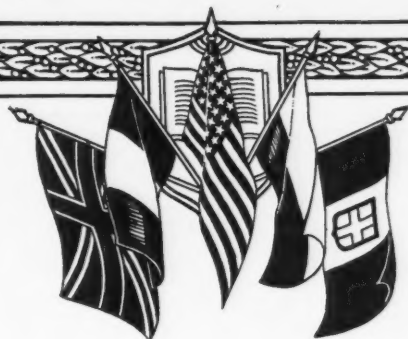
Almost every nation on this globe has just such a day as our Fourth of July—of course, not one with the same name, but with the same meaning, and that meaning is always *liberty*.

Liberty is freedom to do what is right, and the long tragic story of liberty is told by every nation through its patriotic and national songs.

Let's take the time while the cook is preparing a wonderful Fourth of July feast to hear these different songs of the nations as Mother plays them on the piano. (You can get them in many inexpensive collections, one of the best being "Americanization Songs," published by the McKinley Music Company.) Mother will just naturally play the French national song of liberty first of all, for the French national song—"La Marseillaise"—stands for the spirit of freedom the world around. You should hear the crowds in Paris sing it on the fourteenth of July when the destruction of their terrible prison (The Bastille) is celebrated! So popular has "La Marseillaise" become that it is used to-day as the universal cry of liberty.

It was written during the night of April 24, 1792, by Rouget de l'Isle, a captain of engineers stationed at Strasbourg. This soldier was both poet and musician, and his song thrills old and young to-day as does no other patriotic song except our very own. Mother next plays a marching song of great vigor in words and tune. It especially affects me, for it is one of the very few really good songs that we were taught when I went to public school, and so I remember both words and music. It is the





Welsh national song, "March of the Men of Harlech," and it tells the story of the famous defense of Harlech Castle. Theodore Roosevelt would call this "a bully good song," and he probably did call it that, for he was a lover of patriotic songs, and believed that every boy and girl in America should know and sing the songs of other nations as well as their own.

Can you jump from a mountain peak in the little land of Wales to another across England and the North Sea in the larger land of Norway? A big jump, but you can do it by using the magic carpet of national music.

Here we are in the country of the Vikings of the Northland, and Mother is playing and singing:

"Yes, we love with fond devotion
Norway's mountain domes. . . ."

A strong and striking hymn written by Rikard Nordraak, a talented patriot who gave much to his countrymen during his short life of twenty-four years! Many of you love the music of Nordraak's friend, another gifted Norwegian, Edvard Grieg, and will be glad to know that it was this same young Rikard Nordraak who influenced and inspired the youthful Grieg to make the beautiful folk music of Norway known to all the world. This surely shows us that every young American who reads these lines can and should be a champion of American folk music, just as he should defend his country's flag. By your taking this stand, talented American composers will be influenced to do for our native songs what Edvard Grieg did for Norwegian music.

The country closest to Norway is lovely Sweden, and its people regard Adolf Lindblad's song, "From Swedish Hearts a Song Did Rise," as their "Fourth of July" expression. ("Fourth of July" is not right for Sweden, but you know what I mean.)

Have you ever heard of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale"? She was the Galli Curci of my grandfather's days. It was her

singing teacher, Adolf Lindblad, who composed the Swedish national song. Perhaps I ought to say that the Swedish Court

uses "God Save the King" as the national song, but the people themselves prefer "From Swedish Hearts." Do you know that the tune to which we sing "America" (but sung to "God Save the King" in England) is used as a national song in more countries than is any other patriotic melody? This now famous melody was in all probability an ancient Saxon folk song, but the English composer, Henry Carey, who, without doubt, wrote the English words of "God Save the King," is usually credited with composing this noble hymn which we Americans sing to the words of the Rev. Samuel Smith, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." You may be as surprised as I was to learn that the first words sung to the tune of "America" in our country were "God Save George Washington." Many colonial Americans thought of President Washington as a king, and we know that many of them asked him to become *king of America*. But he was so good and great that he refused the temptation, and by his devotion to liberty and right he built the foundation of this *government by and for the people*.

Mother is playing a hymn we all sing in church, so we can all join in the melody at least: "Land of Greatness, Home of Glory!" It is the splendid national song of Austria and was written by the great but simple Joseph Haydn, who composed the oratorio of "The Creation" and so many beautiful symphonies and sonatas.

No wonder is it that audiences in every land sing this song of Austria as if it were their very own, for it is a thing of beauty, and true beauty belongs to no one nation; it belongs to you and to me and to every other human being that has ears and eyes with which to appreciate it.

Until 1914—when the World War came—very few Americans knew the stirring national song of brave little Belgium, but now we know

(Continued on page 428)



SON of the DESERT

By EUNICE TIETJENS



Author of "Profiles from China," "Body and Raiment," "Jake," etc.

ABDUL Aziz* was an Arab. Now to be an Arab is a fine thing, a thing to be proud of, and Abdul Aziz was proud. In his veins flowed the blood of the people who, when the western nations were in the dark ages, were the greatest people in the world. They ruled a great kingdom and founded a great religion, the religion of Mohammed, the Prophet of Allah. They studied the stars and the chemistry of the earth. They worked in arithmetic and they were fine poets and splendid soldiers. And, although they are grown lazy, so that they are not now as great as they once were, they are still a fine and strong race.

Abdul Aziz, being only ten, didn't know much of the history of his people, but all the same he was proud of it on general principles. Already at ten his nose was growing out, straight and high and hawk-like, his head was set proudly on his strong straight little body, and his mouth was dark and full of pride.

Abdul Aziz, although he was an Arab, did not live in the country called Arabia, the real home of the Arabs, but in Tunisia in North Africa. The reason for this was that centuries ago the Arabs conquered and overflowed many lands in Asia Minor, North Africa and even southern Europe. So that to-day you can find Arabs living in all these countries.

Now Tunisia is a French protectorate, which means that France really governs the country, in spite of the Arab ruler called the Bey. The French have built railroads and post offices and telephones, and in the south, where the great Sahara desert is, they even ride across the sands in motor cars. But

Abdul Aziz is pronounced Ab'dul Azééz.

there are still so few of these French people that, for the most part, the country is quite unchanged, and the Arabs live the same simple life their fathers have lived since the beginning of time.

Abdul Aziz, then, sat in the window of a French train speeding southward towards the desert and looked out at the flat country hurrying past. He had never in his life been on anything that went faster than a trotting donkey, and he was still surprised to see how fast an olive tree could run in the opposite direction.

Across from him in the seat sat a bundle of brown cloth. The bundle was no shape particularly, just a great lump; but below it two plump bare feet hung down and on each foot was a heavy silver anklet. The bottom of the feet and the toes were stained a dark red, almost black, with kohl and henna. Near the top too, below a roundish place which might have been the top of a head, was a peep-hole hardly bigger than a silver dollar, and by looking very carefully

one could just make out a single black eye looking out of this hole. No little western boy would have had the slightest idea, if he had met the bundle in the street, who could be in it. But Abdul Aziz would have known in any crowd. It was his mother.

His mother was named Kadija*, after the wife of the Prophet, and she was a Bedouine. Now a Bedouine is a woman who belongs to a wandering tribe of nomads who live in tents on the desert. The men are called Bedouins. But Kadija, in her brown bundle, was not dressed like a Bedouine; she was dressed like an Arab woman of the villages.

*Kadija is pronounced Ka déé ja.



The reason for it was this.

Kadija had left her own tribe and married a man from a northern village whose name was Sadoc. She had lived, shut up and wrapped up as the Arab women of the towns live, till her husband, Sadoc, had died. Now she had taken her little son, Abdul Aziz, and was going home to her own people. And the boy, who had never seen the desert, nor been in a Bedouin tent, was full of excitement at this new adventure.

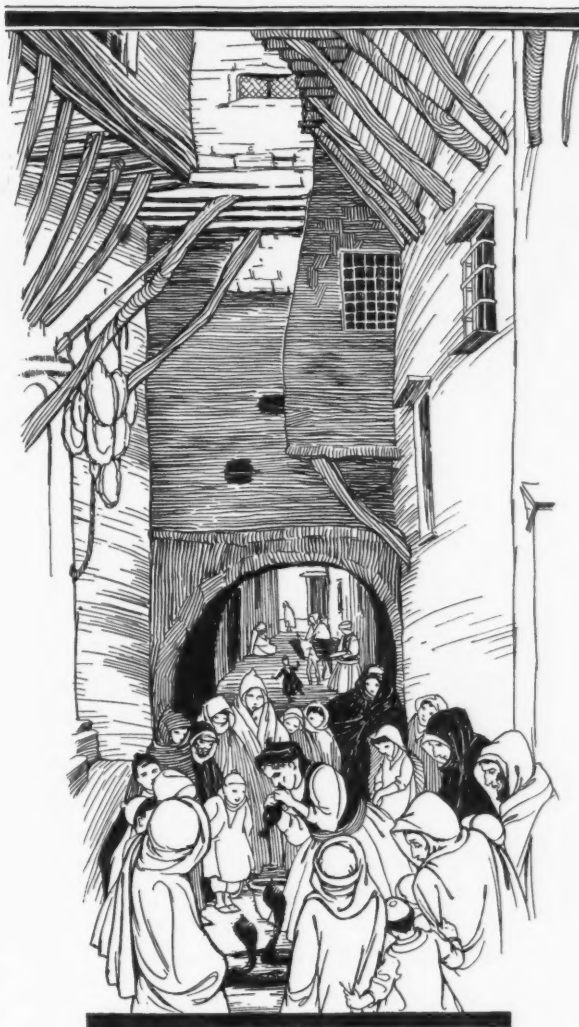
He had made his mother repeat to him half a dozen times the name of the tribe to which they were going.

"They are called the Ouled ben Idress, and they have wandered from far-away Morocco," she would say, her one eye smiling at him and her voice very muffled under all that cloth. "Their tents are pitched now a mile to the eastward of the sacred city of Kairouan.

Your grandfather is named Maroc, and he is the chief of the tribe."

Presently, with a whistle and a jolt, the train drew into the station at Kairouan. Kadija and the boy gathered up their belongings and got down, amid the hustling, shouting stream of Arabs, French people, tourists and porters. But Kadija did not leave the station at once. Instead she led the way to the women's waiting room, and leaving the boy outside, she went in.

The boy sat on a bundle. His heart was beating fast with excitement and he was filled with wonder at all these strange people who were all so



busy. After a while he heard a familiar voice beside him and looked up. He couldn't see the brown bundle that was his mother anywhere.

Beside him stood a Bedouine, dressed in a short blue garment held together only by great silver pins on the shoulders and a narrow belt. Her arms and legs were bare and her head was wrapped in a red scarf. Her face was bare as any man's. And she laughed.

With a great start Abdul Aziz realized that this strange person was his mother, his mother whose face, in all the years he had known her, had never been seen by any man but her husband and her husband's family, who in the north would have thought shame to be dressed so.

But now she smiled down at him with shining eyes. "Don't you know me, little son?"

Abdul Aziz was filled with a great surprise and a little dismay. "But—but you seem so

strange!" he stammered.

"Yet before I married your father I was always dressed this way," she answered. "Now I shall never wear the veil again. From to-day I am free. Come now!" And she gathered up the bundles and started off down the platform.

The boy followed her silently, his head in a whirl. Since even his mother was so changed, walking unveiled and fearlessly, with great steps like a man's, in the street beside him, what strange things might not befall him!

They passed through the French streets near the station and under the gate of the Arab city. Here



HAZEL FRAZEE

they came into the principal street of the town, crowded and bustling, lined with shops and Arab cafes. Abdul Aziz' head kept turning as though it were on a pivot, trying to see everything at once. Merchants and people buying, peddlers crying their wares, soldiers, donkeys, beggars and children, with here and there a tall lithe Bedouin from the desert, crowded and jostled. Beautiful carpets and bright colored bags and shoes of embroidered leather hung in the shops. It was all very strange and puzzling.

Presently, in a sort of little eddy in the street, the boy saw a crowd watching intently something on the pavement. Just for a moment he forgot where he was and, diving between the legs of the bystanders, he wormed his way in to see what it could be. There in a circle of crowding faces stood a snake charmer, a man in a sort of skirt who whirled and danced, playing as he did so on a shrill flute. On the ground before him lay a basket from which two hooded serpents were slowly crawling.

They raised themselves on their tails and their heads swayed from side to side. As the man danced they seemed to dance too, moving so that they always faced him. Now and then they hissed softly. At last, very quickly, he grasped each one behind the head and thrust it back into the basket. The show was finished and the man began to collect copper sous from the bystanders.

Suddenly, with a start of terror, Abdul Aziz realized that his mother was no longer beside him. In a quick panic he darted hither and thither in the crowd, looking for the mother he had always known, the brown bundle. Then he remembered that she was no longer a bundle but a slender Bedouine in blue, and he knew that in his terror he might have passed her without recognizing her. He caught his breath sharply and heard it come in a sort of sob.

Presently he saw, some way ahead of him, a blue figure that whisked into a side street. The boy followed as fast as he could, hoping suddenly. But the narrow brown street, hardly wider than his two arms could reach, led into a maze of little passages that turned and twisted every which way. Many of the passages had no outlet at all. And in none of them could he find the blue figure. In spite of himself he burst into tears.

At last he found himself on the main street again, in front of a cafe with wooden benches covered with

matting, on which men were sitting idly. The boy dropped down on one of them, fighting back the tears, but not succeeding very well. For all his ten years he felt very small and very, very lost.

Then a voice spoke in his ear.

"May Allah protect you," it said.

"May he grant you long life," answered the boy politely, gulping down a mouthful of tears. He

looked up and saw, sitting on the bench beside him, a young Bedouin in white garments who looked at him curiously.

"What is troubling you?" asked the man.

"I—I'm as lost as a carrot in a basket of dates!" answered Abdul Aziz.

"My household"—for even in his distress he remembered that an Arab man must never speak to a stranger of his womenfolk directly—"has turned into a Bedouine and gone, and my heart is a hot stone." Then he poured out the whole story.

"By Sidi Sahab! We are well met, for I can help you," said the man. "I know where the tents of

your grandfather are pitched." He looked at the boy sharply. "Have you any money?" he demanded.

Abdul Aziz had, a little.

"Then for half a franc"—about two cents in our money—"I will set you on your way."

"It is settled!" answered the boy. "If I can get to the Ouled ben Idress, so can my household."

So he and his guide set out through the maze of narrow streets, which didn't puzzle the man at all, towards the east gate of the town. When they had passed it the boy found himself, suddenly and unexpectedly after the bustle of the town, on a great desert plain that stretched, flat and lonely, as far as the eye could reach, without a tree or a human habitation.

His guide stopped and pointed over the plain. "There lies your way," he said. "Go straight ahead with the town behind you, and keep your eyes open. Before sundown you will see the tents of Si Maroc. May Allah protect you!" He turned on his heel and was gone.

Abdul Aziz felt suddenly lonely again. The sun was already far down the western sky, so that the shadow of the city wall stretched out long before him, and the plain looked very big and empty. But he told himself bravely that he was a man and at least half a Bedouin, and fear was not for him. He took a new grip on the bundle he carried and started



[Continued on page 434]

THE BARN AND OAK LIMITED

By EDITH MASON ARMSTRONG

Author of "The Three Agathas"

THE two Mason boys, Maurice and Norman, were getting ready to start their crack train, the Barn and Oak Limited, on its daily run from the top of the hill in front of the barn down the valley and around the foot of the hill to its terminal, the big oak tree on the bank of the lake. Norman, the engineer, had been tinkering all morning with the engine, a long, light toy buckboard with a steering handle, and Maurice, the brakeman, had been busy polishing up the numerous small wagons of all sizes and descriptions which did duty as "Pullman" cars.

As the road was down hill all the way, the little train ran at a dangerous rate of speed, but Lonnie and Edie, George and Margy and Fred, the five younger children who were oftenest invited to ride, knew no fear. They had perfect confidence in the engineer, and the rattle of the Limited as it descended the long incline was always accompanied by shouts of laughter, clanging bells and shrieking whistles.

There was only one of the children who did not share the excitement to-day, as the moment came for the train to start. Edie was disappointed; she had not been invited to be a passenger. Usually she was a favorite choice because of her talent for eating sandwiches with one hand, while hanging on with the other. But she had complained of the dining-car service on a previous trip; the raspberries served her, she had said, were green, and the milk not fresh. This had offended the officials of the road, and they had left her out.

The slight hurt the little girl all the more because she had longed to show off before Miss Bonny, one of the visitors, a pretty young Kentucky girl, who had not been too occupied with her own good times to pay attention to the children. Dejectedly Edie walked over to the pasture behind the barn. It was a warm day and her short dark hair, tied with a narrow red ribbon, curled tightly all over her head. Her plump little figure drooped, and she fanned her ruddy cheeks with a big plantain leaf she picked at the gate. She wanted to get away from the scene of the train's departure and the sound of the lucky passengers' voices as they crowded around it. In times of depression her chief comfort was always the one pet which belonged to her alone, instead of being shared in common with her brothers and sisters.

This was a lamb which had been given her on her birthday the summer before. This pet was not as popular with the rest of the family as with its little mistress. Upon its arrival its tiny size and fleecy wool had been quite in keeping with the accepted idea of a pet lamb, but as it grew older, it had taken on a more formidable appearance until its budding horns and powerful chest quite belied its innocent and feminine sounding name, Una, which Edie's father had chosen when reading to the children, Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

As much as his selfish disposition permitted, Una showed that he appreciated Edie's devotion, and now, when she climbed the pasture gate and knelt before him, he raised his head from the timothy grass he had been nibbling and emitted a faint "Bah-h!!"

"Oh, Una!"



murmured the little girl, resting her tear-stained face against his woolly shoulder. "They wouldn't let me ride on the Limited!"

Una chewed a little harder and the glassy stare of his eyes beneath their light lashes became, if possible, more cold and repellent. But Edie believed in him. She was sure he had a heart in spite of his ungracious manners.

"Oh, Una!" she sighed. "You're such

"The visitors are waiting to see us," said Maurice. "Get in, Edie, and we'll start!"

Gladly the little girl obeyed, and took her accustomed seat in the diminutive diner, a green and orange express wagon with deep sides and a doll chair in the middle of it. In front of her was a small table upon which was a delicious repast, two tiny sandwiches, a piece of cake, and a dish of blackberries.

"All aboard!" shouted Julian, who often played the part of conductor in a blue-vizored baseball hat, to which had been added a little gold braid.

"Good-by, Lonny!" shouted the five passengers, for each Pullman was full, and after a few moments of brisk pushing and puffing by the brakeman and conductor, the train began to move. It started slowly down the incline but, when it reached the steep descent from the hilltop, increased its speed until, as it crossed the wooden bridge over the gully, a mighty rumble and roar advertised its coming to the spectators gathered on the porch of the house below.

"Well, of all things! Isn't that a novel sight?" cried Miss Bonny, and there were other admiring exclamations as the little train of five wagons and a buckboard, with a rattle of stones, clouds of dust, and hurrahs from the passengers, hurtled on its way down the valley.

But the run of the crack train of the Barn & Oak Railroad was not destined to be successful that day. As Norman, dexterously gripping the steering handle, took his engine around the curve from the bridge, an amazing sight met his eyes. Right in his path, as

a comfort, but I wish I hadn't said the raspberries were green!"

At this moment, from in front of the barn where the Limited was trembling into action, came a shout. The engineer was calling her name!

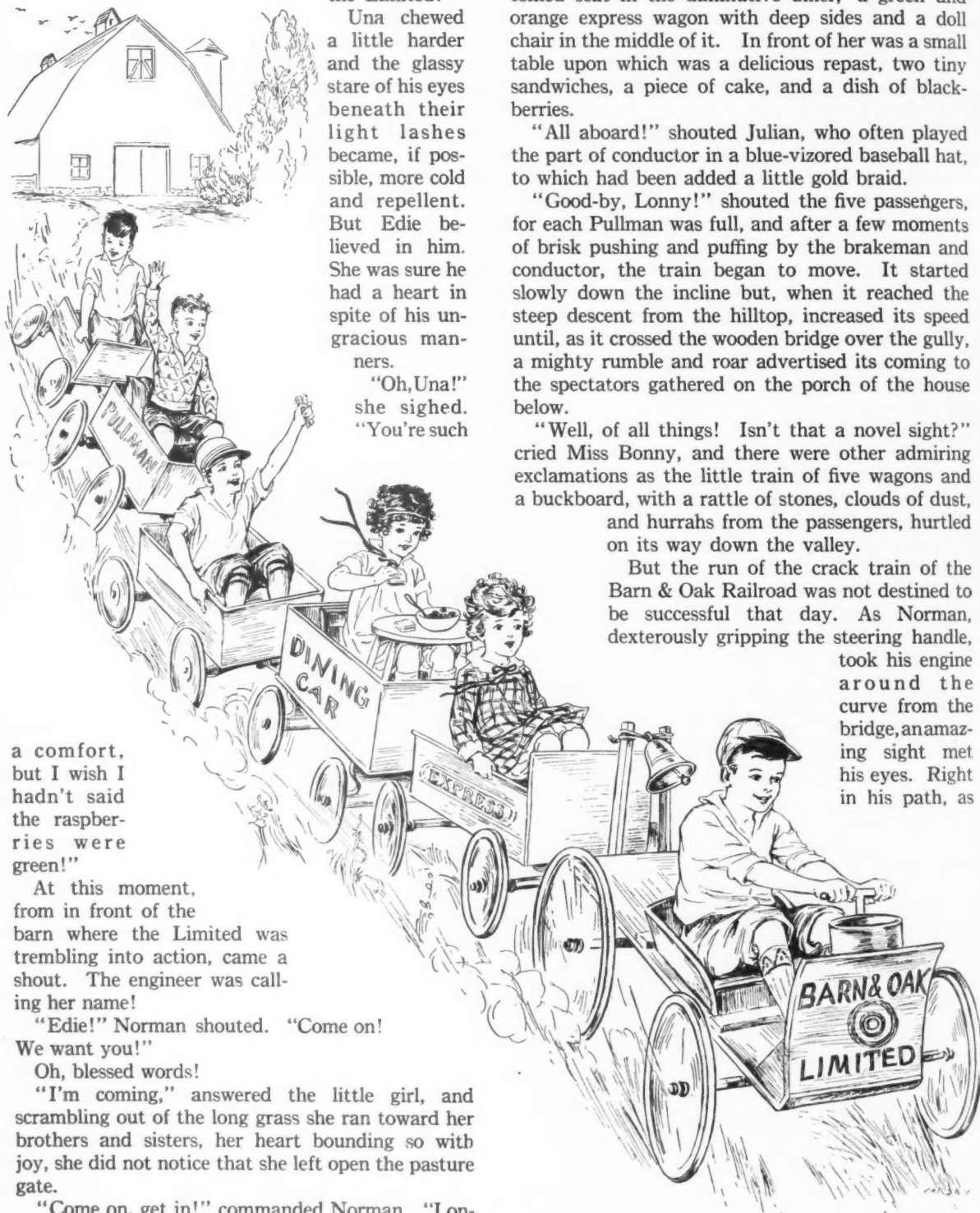
"Edie!" Norman shouted. "Come on! We want you!"

Oh, blessed words!

"I'm coming," answered the little girl, and scrambling out of the long grass she ran toward her brothers and sisters, her heart bounding so with joy, she did not notice that she left open the pasture gate.

"Come on, get in!" commanded Norman. "Lonnie won't come unless we let him ride on the engine."

"And I won't, either," Lonnie echoed from the seat of the old buggy near-by, where he was pretending to drive a horse.



the dust cleared, he saw Edie's "pet lamb," for so the big sheep was always called, standing with menacing head lowered, and forefeet braced.

[Continued on page 420]

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY
MARJORIE BARROWS



1
Down the hill coasted Betsy Ann, her runaway bicycle and Chip. But Chip was the only one to land ker-plunk in a mud puddle.



"You're a chocolate Chip, now!" laughed Betsy Ann. Then her glance went from dog, to dogwood, and she started after a blossom.



3
The tree was so beautiful that she grew quite attached to it. So did her foot, for it stuck in a crotch and she couldn't get down.



4
Time dragged by, but the dogged dogwood held right on and Betsy Ann was still treed. No one heard her shouts and even Chip had deserted her.



5
But she tried to be brave and pretty soon an excited Chip led Dad and the boys to the rescue.

GREY FOX GOES HOME

By DAVID NEWELL

Author of "Cougars and Cowboys"



GREY FOX stopped on a grassy knoll beside a little lake and listened. A full moon was rising back of the dark pines and already the frogs on the lake shore had begun their nightly chorus. From far away toward the big swamp came the deep bellow of a bull alligator, and in a pine near-by a little screech owl called tremulously. All of these sounds were familiar to Grey Fox, but still he listened. His sharp ears had caught a strange sound on the night air. You and I perhaps would have heard nothing more than the sighing of the wind in the pine needles. Again the strange noise drifted across the hill, this time a little nearer—the faint but unmistakable baying of hounds. Grey Fox growled softly and the hair on his neck and shoulders began to rise. It was barely a half hour ago that he himself had been where these dogs now were, and he realized, with a little shiver, that he was being followed. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he bounded off through the dewy grass directly toward the dogs, following as nearly as possible his own back track.

The hounds yelped eagerly as the trail grew warmer. There were five of them, not including Big Sandy, the airedale. Old Chief, leader of the pack, was ahead, and when he struck where Grey Fox had prowled along the edge of the lake in search of a fat frog for supper, his excited cries brought the other dogs rushing to his side. Here in the wet marsh grass the fox smell was very strong, and the whole pack gave eager tongue. "Here he goes!" cried Stranger. "We're coming," answered Fanny and old Bugle. "Wait for me!" shrilled little

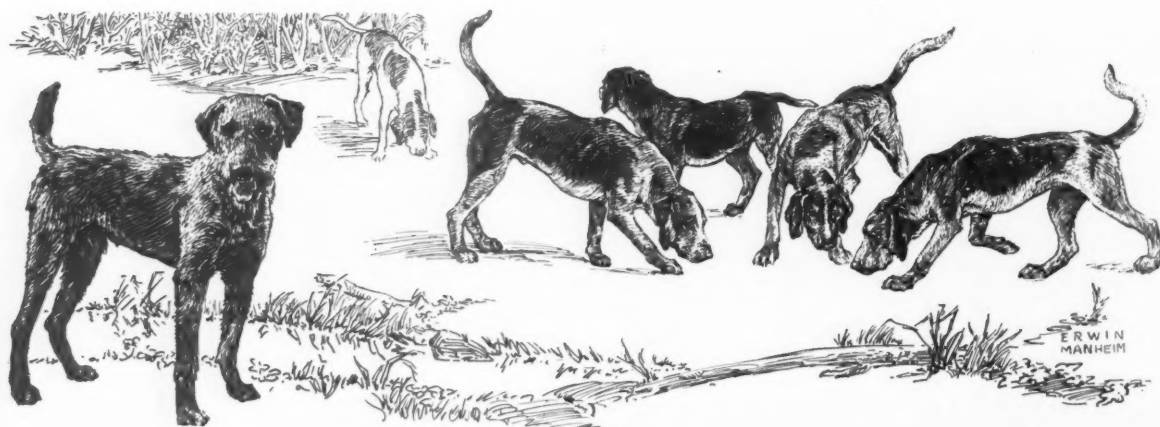
Peggy. But now the pack was at a loss. This way and that they flew, with anxious whimpers. Grey Fox's trick had been successful! The dogs were puzzled, for fox tracks were now going both directions. Big Sandy stood with head cocked to one side watching the hounds. His terrier's nose was of no value here, and he knew it. At last the owner of the dogs came up, and, being a man who knew quite a little about the ways of a fox, he sat down on a log and said nothing.

Grey Fox had followed his own back trail for several hundred yards before turning off into the woods toward the north. Now he sat on a hill near-by and barked contemptuously. It really wasn't much of a bark. The hounds, a quarter of a mile away, didn't hear it, and the man seated on the log didn't hear it. But Big Sandy heard it! At least he heard something that sounded very suspicious, and he trotted off through the shadows.

If foxes can grin, Grey Fox was certainly grinning. The dogs in the hollow below were not making much progress in unravelling his trail. He listened to their worried yelps with great satisfaction. Suddenly a stick snapped a scant fifty yards away! Grey Fox came to his feet, every muscle tensed. With a shrill squeal of joy Big Sandy was after him.

Grey Fox ran as he had never run before. This was no hound that was behind, but a big, burly creature that ran silently and relentlessly. Grey Fox remembered the bobcat that had once chased him out of the swamp. It had snarled and spit, and after a hundred yards had given up pursuit. This was different. Grey Fox redoubled his efforts.

The other dogs had heard Big Sandy's first yip, and now they, too, were in the chase. The woods echoed to their baying. Grey Fox did his best. A mile he ran—two miles—three miles. And now the dogs were at his heels. With a last desperate





burst of speed he reached a hole under a fallen pine, and, safe for the moment, faced the entrance to the hole with blazing eyes. The dogs dug frantically, but tough roots hindered them. After a while Grey Fox heard a new sound. It was a man's voice, and Grey Fox trembled with fear. Soon a bright light shone into the hole, and a stick was poked down toward him. It was a forked stick, and there was a piece of leather thong tied across the forks. Grey Fox snapped at the leather thong, but before he knew what was happening, the stick was twisted and the thong tightened over his nose. In vain he struggled and clawed. He was drawn out of the hole and placed in a bag. In the bag he snarled and fought without avail. Finally he gave up, exhausted.

The next thing Grey Fox knew he was being whirled along at terrific speed in a strange thing that rumbled and roared fearsomely. After a long time the noise stopped and the bag in which he lay was lifted up and he again heard the man's voice. In spite of his struggles he was lifted out of the bag and securely chained to a stake—a small dog collar about his neck.

Then began a different life for Grey Fox. Every day the man would come out and talk to him. At first the fox was terrified, but gradually he became accustomed to the sound of the voice, and the sight of this strange creature. Food was given him, but for a long time he refused to eat except at night when no one watched. The dogs who had seemed so eager for his life now paid him no attention at all. Grey Fox seemed to be contented. His bed was in a warm, dry kennel, and he had all the good things to eat that he wanted. He even submitted to having his neck scratched by the man's hand.

But at night when the moon rose, and the rest of the world slept, Grey Fox stood and looked far away to the south. Instead of the noises and smells of the village he heard the frogs and smelled the marsh grass and pine needles. Between him and home lay a town, two rivers, and the big lake. Eighteen miles it was, to the grassy knoll where he had first heard the dogs. And yet Grey Fox knew the way and bided his chance.

One morning when the man came out to feed the dogs, he found a broken chain at the stake in front of the fox's kennel. Grey Fox was gone!

"Well," said the man, "the little rascal has gotten away after all. I guess he's hiding around here somewhere waiting for a chance to get a chicken or two."

But the days went by and the chickens slept unmolested. And then with the full of the moon, the man loaded his dogs into his car and again went fox hunting. Eighteen miles he drove, to the piney woods south of the big lake. Ordinarily there were many foxes in the pine woods, but this particular night the man and his dogs hunted in vain. Only once did Old Chief strike a trail, and that too old to follow. As the man neared the place where he had left his car, a fox barked.

"That's mighty funny," said the man. "That fox is certainly impudent!" And he clapped his hands and cheered on the dogs. But there was no need of encouraging the dogs. They had heard the fox, and away they tore. An hour they ran—over hills and around ponds. At last Big Sandy's triumphant barking told the man that the chase was over. When he reached the dogs he found them gathered around the mouth of another hole. Brushing away the sand he knelt down and looked into

[Continued on page 423]



WHEN Merry was six years old, she moved from the city to a quiet town. Her father was away all day and her mother was always busy, but Merry was never lonely, because she loved the garden so. There were some flowers in the grass and others higher up that looked as if they were made of rose-pink and pearl-white silk. "Oh, what kind of flowers are those?" Merry had asked, and "They are hollyhocks," her mother had replied.

"I like them so well," declared Merry, "that I know I'll never be happier than I am now."

But the next morning, she was happier still. She found a tiny envelope tucked under the door, with her name on it, and as she had never had a real letter before, she carried it excitedly into the house for her mother to read.

"Dear Merry," the letter said, "I want you to come to my party to-morrow at three. There is to be a prize, so bring your prettiest doll. Your new friend, Clementine."

"Who is my new friend, Clementine?" asked Merry. "Is she the one who lives in the big house in the green velvet yard with a fountain and pointed cedar trees? Oh, Mother, read that last verse again."

"So bring your prettiest doll," her mother read.

"Which is my prettiest doll? They are all so sweet to me."

"Get them," suggested her mother, "and we shall see."

So Merry brought her four dolls. "Go to your grandmother, children," she said, as she tumbled them into her mother's lap. Then she picked out the smallest one and put it aside, sorrowfully, "This one will never do to take. It's no longer than my thumb."

Next she considered the rubber doll, that was nearly

as old as she was, though it had a baby-like face. "He's most too young to go," she said, "and besides, this morning, when I pulled down his little crocheted dress to warm his feet, it all raveled out into one long thread."

"How about this one?" asked her mother, lifting a large rag doll that, sad to say, was not so very clean.

"Oh, Raggymuffin is too freckled with dirt," said Merry, and grasping a slim pair of black china shoes, she drew forth the last of the dolls. "I guess I'll take Rosylee," she announced. "She's got such a nice, blue dress."

"Yes," answered her mother, "but she hasn't any head. It was broken when we moved, but you love her so much, you don't know the difference."

A big tear rolled down Merry's cheek. "I guess I won't go at all," she said. "I wouldn't want to leave any of them at home."

"Oh, these are not party-dolls," her mother told her, cheerfully, "and they'd probably just as soon not go. I'll find you a doll to take to the party, but now I must iron your best white dress."

"It's no trouble to decide about a dress," sighed the little girl, "but I can't bear to separate my dolls."

The next morning, the sun came softly across the garden and into the room, where Merry's little dress hung fresh and white upon a chair, but Merry's mother had to admit that she hadn't thought yet what to do about a doll. "If we were in the city," she said, "we might buy a new head for Rosylee, but I'm afraid we can't find one here."





"I don't know that I'd care to anyway," sighed Merry. "She wouldn't seem like herself that way."

Finally, however, her mother seemed happier and said she believed she knew what she was going to do, and after luncheon, when Merry was all dressed for the party, they went into the garden, where Merry was seated carefully on a bench. "I'm going to make you a doll," her mother told her. "Her name is to be Miss Polly Hollyhock and she will wear a frilly gown."

She flitted here and there, and presently she came back and sat down in the grass at her little daughter's feet. In her hand, she carried a seed-pod that she had found in the grass. "This looks like a ground cherry," she said, "but it is really a doll." And, as she slit the pod and turned it wrong side out, Merry saw a cunning round head coming into view. "Oh, now I see Miss Polly Hollyhock," she cried.

"She shall have a white hollyhock for a dress and a pink one for a cape," the doll-maker said, and as she spoke she fastened the flowers in place with pins from an old thorn tree.

"And why can't she have a grass-blade for a sash-ribbon and a rose-petal for a hat?" asked Merry.

"She can," cried Mother delightedly. "That's a very good idea."

There were many interesting games at the party, that afternoon, but the little girls soon left them to play with their dolls on the lawn. There were ice-cream roses and a cake with eight pink candles, but the dolls were the best of all. There were big dolls and little ones, grave dolls and gay, and some that cost a great deal of money indeed, and Clementine's mother, thinking about it alone in the house, saw that it was going to be very

hard to decide which one should have the prize. But she took the pretty box, that she had made ready, and went into the yard.

To her surprise, there were no children there. Along a path lay a trail of cast-off dolls, with their grieved faces turned to the sky. She followed the path to the flower garden and saw that the little girls were there picking blossoms from her fine hollyhocks, which grew against the wall. "Why, Clementine," she said to her daughter, "what are you doing here?"

"We're getting flowers," said Clementine, "to make fairy dolls, like this one of Merry's. And she is to be the fairy queen."

The lady took Miss Polly Hollyhock in her fingers and looked at her thoughtfully, and then she said, "I have a prize here for the little girl who has brought the prettiest doll and I think you will agree with me that Merry is that little girl."

"Oh, yes, we do," cried all the children, happily.

So Clementine's mother put the prize in Merry's hands. It was a large doll in a beautiful silk dress, and when Merry reached home, she took it straight to her mother.

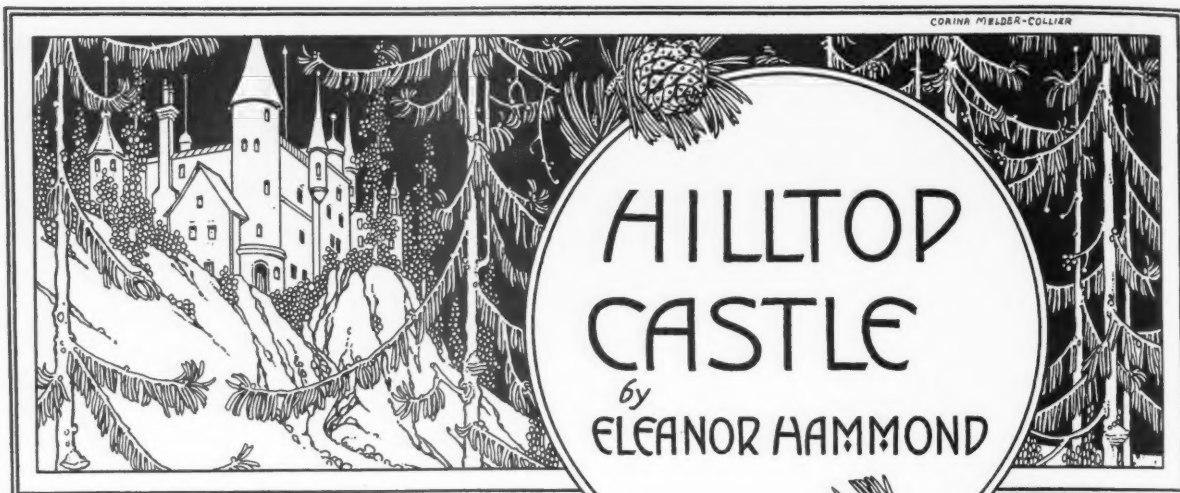
"This is the prize," she said, "and I guess I like her almost as well as my flower doll. But I think I'll have her loan her silk dress to Rosylee and her earrings to Raggymuffin, because I believe their feelings were hurt, though they didn't say a word."

And then she unclasped her fingers from about the wilting flower-doll. "Oh, see," she said, "she's vanishing."

"Yes," replied her mother, "but tomorrow you can make another just as pretty."

"How lovely," cried Merry. "I'll always have a new one hiding in the garden!"





WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Georgina and her cousins, Joie and John, whom she is visiting, discover a mysterious old house built like a castle on the hill

above the boys' new home in Westport. The children believe no one lives in the strange building and follow a white cat in through a tiny swinging door into the basement. They explore three floors of empty rooms and come to the stair that leads into the tower. The door at the top of the dark stair is locked, and they hear steps approaching.



PART TWO

THE steps were coming closer every minute. "Let's go home!" Georgina whispered. "Some one is coming after us!" "Not after!" Joie said. "The sound is inside the tower door!" His voice echoed eerily in the dark stairway. "Let's run!"

Georgina reached out for some portion of a cousin to cling to. John's ear came to hand first. At any other time that would have made them both laugh, but just now all three were too intent upon escape.

They tiptoed hurriedly down the creaking stairs. They had just reached the bottom when the rasp of a hinge made them look back. The door at the top of the stairway was opening slowly.

"There really is—some one there!" Joie gasped.

Georgina was actually shaking now. She pulled at her cousin's sleeve. Joie was staring, fascinated, at the door above. They could just make out a figure in some sort of dark robe in the doorway.

Suddenly all three children turned and pelted toward the other end of the passage. Their footsteps echoed, as loud as thunder, it seemed to their alarmed ears. Then they were racing down the uncarpeted stairway to the second floor and on to the first.

"Where is that cellar stair? Do you suppose we could get out the front door—from the inside?" Georgina's teeth were chattering.

It was twilight now and they could hardly see the corners of the great dim rooms. Just ahead stretched a hallway which promised a door at its farther end. They rushed along the passage, and Georgina was the first to reach the big oak front door.



She clutched the knob and tried to turn it. Something rattled to the floor as she shook the door, but the lock did not turn.

The door would not open.

"We'll have to go out the cellar way!" John whispered. "Let's go softly—it's so nearly dark now and there are so many rooms and halls—he probably won't find us—even if he is after us still!"

"Was it a *he*?" Georgina chattered. "I thought it was an old woman—like a witch!"

"There aren't any witches—except in fairy stories!" Joie said, but his voice was unsteady. "We were sillies not to stay and see who it was!"

"But we're in their house—and they probably don't like that!" Georgina murmured. "Let's hurry up and get away!"

"What was it rattled on the floor back there by the front door?" John asked.

"I don't know—and I'm not going back to look!" Georgina answered breathlessly. "Oh, please hurry! Where are those cellar steps?"

Then they were all three tiptoeing down the last stairway. The cellar seemed very dim and silent.

Joie dived through the little swinging door with a flop and a gasp and held back his hand to help Georgina out.

"I never was so glad to get away from anywhere in my life!" the little girl panted as they all hurried down the hillside toward the friendly arc lights below and home. "We're safe now, aren't we?"

She looked back over her shoulder at the forbidding height and the brick castle. The house seemed tall and threatening against the fading sky. Above the tower a single star winked.

Suddenly John gave an exclamation. "There is some one in that tower! Look, there's a light in the window now and there wasn't a minute ago!" he said.

The light was not exactly in the window. The glow moved back and forth as though it were held in a moving hand.

Georgina clapped her hand over her mouth. A shadow, tall and black, moved slowly across the tower window. On the figure's head a tall pointed cap stood.

They turned down the hill and hurried toward home.

It was not until they were safe and cozy before the fireplace in the Harcourt's new bungalow that Georgina exclaimed, "Where's my wrist watch? I was sure I had it on when we started exploring this afternoon!"

Both her cousins shook their sandy heads.

"You may have dropped it somewhere on the hillside, dear!" Mrs. Harcourt said. "Or maybe you left it somewhere in your 'haunted castle'!" The boys' mother did not seem to believe the castle was as terrible a place as the three explorers painted it.

"Oh, dear!" Georgina mourned. "The clasp on the bracelet wasn't safe—I've dropped the watch two or three times that way and broken the crystal! I wonder where I dropped it this time!"

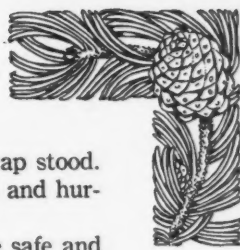
John wrinkled his brows. Suddenly he said, "I think I know where you dropped the watch! Don't you remember something rattled to the floor when you were shaking the front door of the castle? That must have been your watch!"

The three looked at each other seriously.

"Daddy gave it to me!" Georgina said sadly. "And it had Mother's picture in the back—the only picture I have here of her!" Georgina could hardly remember her mother, who had died when she was a very little girl, but she had learned to love her memory from her father's many stories about her. "But I don't want to go back to that creepy castle!"

"We'll have to!" Joie insisted. "We must get the watch! Besides, maybe we'll find out something more about who lives there, if we do," he said.

There, in the safe fire-lit room, it was hard to believe the castle had been such a terrible place after all.





John and Joie's mother smiled a little strangely when they asked her permission to revisit the castle on the hill.

"I don't see any reason why you shouldn't go back," she said slowly. "If you meet the old gentleman who lives there, be very polite."

"Old gentleman?" Joie cried. "Then some one does live there—and you know who it is?"

Mrs. Harcourt only smiled again. "I've heard something about the place," she admitted. "And I think Georgina should try to find her watch."

That was all they could persuade her to tell them.

The three agreed that they would climb the hill again the next afternoon.

Only next day it was raining. The weather, which had been bright for days, suddenly changed to gray skies and a steady downpour. Mrs. Harcourt had no trouble in persuading the children to spend their time indoors.

More than once one of them strayed to the window and stared up at the wooded height beyond the end of the street. It seemed so strange to think of the castle hidden up there "just like something in a fairy book," as Georgina said.

They rummaged through the bookcase for stories they had not read. It was on the top shelf that Joie found the old photograph album. They laughed at the picture of their father in a tight little velvet suit with curls to his shoulders. They could

hardly believe the round-eyed little girl with the curly bangs above her eyes and the skirt nearly to the ground was their mother when she was four years old. Grandfather and Grandmother Harcourt's wedding picture—a



very prim young lady sitting in a chair with a very awkward-looking young man standing with his hand on her shoulder—was in the front of the family album. There were pictures of uncles and cousins the boys had never seen.

Mrs. Harcourt explained the relationships to them. "Most of your relatives live back East," she said.

"The way I did before I came to Westport to visit you!" Georgina said. "Oh," She sighed suddenly, "I wish I didn't ever have to go back again! It's such fun here with Joie and John!"

Since her father's death a few months before Georgina had had a rather unhappy time. She had lived with a cousin who was a well-meaning woman, but too busy with her own babies to pay much attention to the lonely little girl who had been left on her hands. After the happy years with her father, Georgina found Cousin Maggie's household a sad change. There was no one her own age there and Cousin Maggie was always busy. It was very different here with jolly Mrs. Harcourt and Joie and John. Georgina never felt lonely with such pals as her two lively cousins about.

There was a funny picture of John and Joie's father in the album, taken riding on a tiny donkey at some gallery in an amusement park. Mrs. Har-

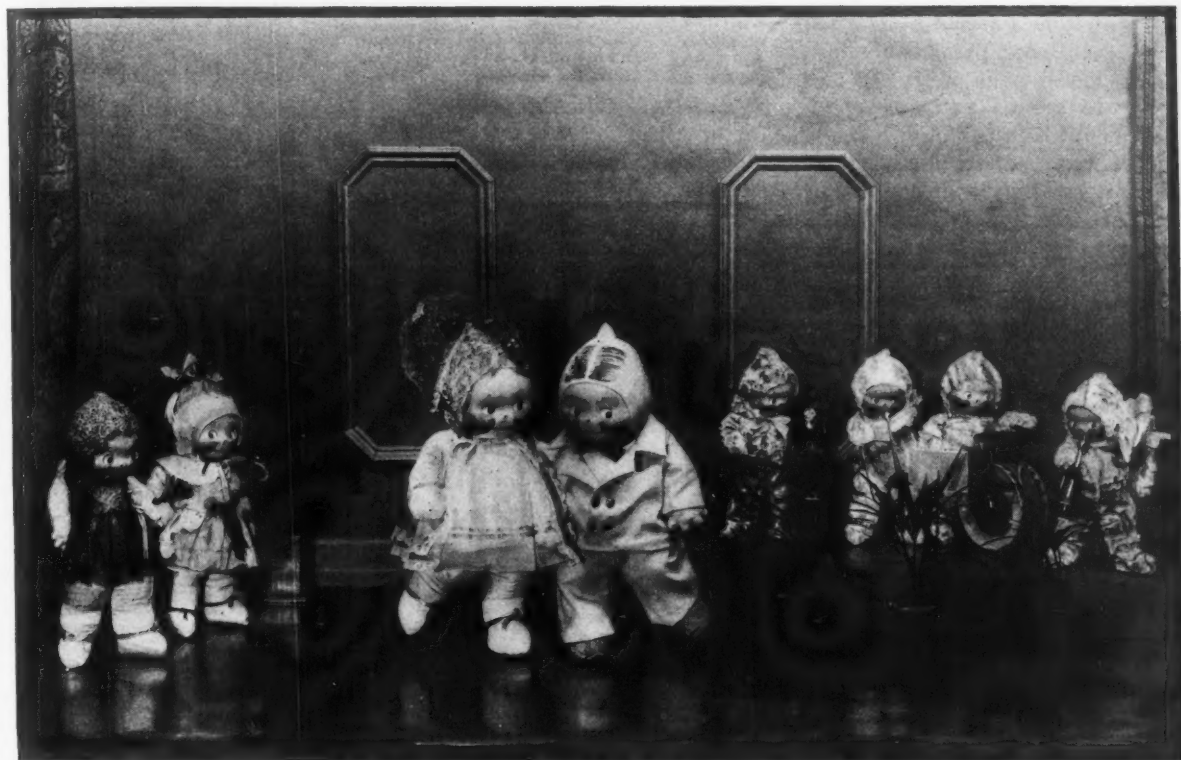
court laughed as she looked at it.

"That was taken when Daddy came West the first time!" she told the boys.

[Continued on page 436]



ARABELLA *becomes* *the belle of the ball . .*



NO one at the ball knew Arabella! The dolls whispered to one another—who could this lovely stranger be, dressed in such beautiful fresh, clean clothes? And indeed, you wouldn't have known it was dusty old Arabella of the Toy Shop.

Everyone wanted to dance with her! Especially Gentleman Jones. "What is your name?" he asked Arabella. "I've never seen you in the Toy Shop, I'm sure!"

"Oh, but you have!" exclaimed Arabella. "I've lived a long time on the topmost shelf. I'm Arabella!"

Gentleman Jones was surprised, you may be sure. "But Arabella was dusty and dirty—and you're fresh and clean, and beautiful! Whatever has made such a difference?"

Arabella felt proud and happy. "A secret!" she said. "Fels-Naptha Soap made me beautiful! I washed my dusty, dirty clothes with it, this morning!"

"You washed your clothes this morning—and you can dance all night!" Gentleman Jones found it hard to believe.

Arabella laughed. "I didn't have to rub my clothes hard, at all! That's why I feel like dancing! It's easy as can be to get your clothes clean, when you use Fels-Naptha!"

Gentleman Jones looked at her, and suddenly he smiled. "Well, if the dolls learn your secret, everybody in the Toy Shop will be using Fels-Naptha Soap!"

And as it turned out—but wait until next month, and you'll see what happened in the Toy Shop!

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There's extra help in Fels-Naptha to make washing easier! Naptha, the safe cleaner that "dry cleaners" use, is blended with good golden soap by the special Fels-Naptha process. The naptha loosens the grime and dirt, while the rich, soapy suds wash them away. Working together, they do the hard rubbing that children's clothes require.

You'll find that Fels-Naptha works well in washing-machine or tub—in cold, hot or lukewarm water—or when clothes are boiled. And it's gentle to the hands! Order Fels-Naptha at your grocer's and have its extra help next wash-day!

. . .

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR

WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



A GOOD cook prepares food that is pretty to see as well as delicious to taste. And in the middle of summer there is certainly a great deal of attractive food from which we can choose. Go to market some morning and see how lovely it all looks!

Golden carrots; purple eggplant that glistens with each sunbeam; pinky radishes, cool green lettuce, bright red tomatoes, and long graceful beans, some waxy and some a rich green—aren't they all pretty? It's really hard to select which we shall use for our vegetable lesson. But after quite a bit of thought and a careful remembering of picnic baskets, cool luncheons on the porch and such, we have decided to learn to make tomato salad. That's a dish everyone enjoys; it's one that gives a cook a chance to show skill and artistry, and in this day and age of swift transportation, it's one that we can use all the year around. Though just between ourselves and this page, we must admit that there never is any tomato quite like the one that's freshly picked in your own garden on a July morning—never!

But now for our lesson.

We are pretending that we shall have six people for luncheon, that it is a hot July day (I guess we shan't have to pretend *that!*) and that we want something nourishing but very cool and dainty-looking.

Early in the morning we must get our supplies ready, so they can be well chilled. Select six fine, per-

TOMATO SALAD

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

fect tomatoes, being sure that all are about the same size, so that each guest is treated fairly. Get a head of lettuce, a stalk of celery, and look in the ice box to see if there are on hand any vegetables that could be combined in the salad. A couple of spoonfuls of peas, two or three carrots, a half cupful of string or wax beans left from dinner—any or all of these may be chilled, cut up and added to the salad. Maybe there is an olive or two, or a few radishes—these different flavors greatly improve the salad, so be sure to hunt diligently before you market. If celery is not in market (and sometimes it isn't in July) use the crisp ribs of lettuce instead. And if you haven't a good supply of vegetables make the second recipe, the cottage cheese salad, instead of the vegetable, and you will have something very good.

Your supplies are all ready now, so we will get our note books and go to work.

TOMATO SALAD

Wash the lettuce, trim off unsightly parts, put in a covered glass dish in the refrigerator to chill.

Into a small sauce pan put 1 pint of water. Bring to a boil.

Drop in one tomato. Leave it in the boiling water for one-half minute (not a second longer); quickly remove it, using a long-handled fork.

Trim off the peeling. This will pull off neatly and quickly.

Cut off the stem end and any portion that is not good for eating.

Set on a plate.

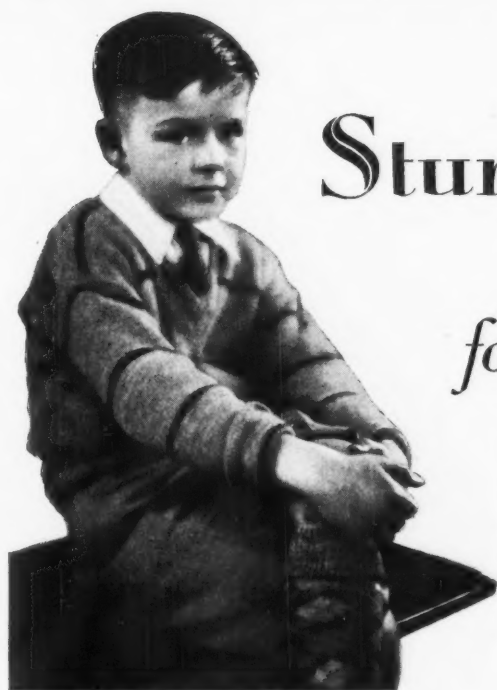
Repeat till all six tomatoes are peeled, doing one at a time.

With a sharp-edged spoon (such as a tin teaspoon) remove part of the center of the tomato. Cut into small bits and place in a bowl.



[Continued on page 432]





This is Clarence Strandberg, of Brookfield, Illinois. Read how he gained in weight and health on his diet of Horlick's Malted Milk

Sturdy and active-- he's building Now for healthy manhood

In one month—
a gain of four pounds!

"For a number of years I have kept in touch with the latest information on the care and feeding of children. I want my son to reach a fine, sturdy manhood. So, when I found that seven year old Clarence was underweight, I began giving him Horlick's Malted Milk regularly. He started to 'pick up' at once, and in a month he gained four pounds."

Mrs. Hugo Strandberg,
Brookfield, Illinois



"He wants to be out of doors all the time now. At night he is healthily tired, and sleeps well"

IT WOULD be hard to find a healthier, happier child than Clarence now!

His mother has none of the problems that so commonly face mothers of underweight children . . . lack of appetite, fatigue, nervousness, fitful sleep . . .

Not only has he gained weight since he began taking Horlick's Malted Milk, she tells us, but his appetite is better, his energy greater, his spirits livelier.

Now he eats better, studies harder, holds his own with any boy at play.

Why it builds up quickly

Everywhere American mothers tell of results like these—from this delicious food-drink children love.

By the exclusive Horlick method of manufacture, all the precious elements of fresh, full-cream cow's milk are combined



"Clarence's appetite increased soon after he began his Horlick's Malted Milk diet. Now I never have to coax him"

with malted barley and wheat.

In "Horlick's" the essential minerals and other valuable elements of the whole grain are retained. Also the vitamins which promote growth. Rich in high-energy, easily digested

malt sugars (dextrin and maltose), it is quickly turned into rich blood and firm, strong tissue.

Its use by physicians for more than a third of a century is an endorsement of its superior quality, purity and unvarying reliability.

If you have children who are underweight, try giving them "Horlick's" regularly—at meal times or as an after-school lunch.

If your children are of normal weight, give them "Horlick's" to fortify them against the energy demands of work and play, and to build up resistance against illness.

Your children will love its delicious, malty flavor. Buy a package today and give it to



"He has lost all his former listlessness. Lessons are easier for him, and seem to interest him more"



Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK

them regularly. Avoid substitutes. Insist upon "Horlick's"—the original and genuine. Prepared in a minute at home. Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars.

A nourishing, delicious table drink for adults. Induces sound sleep if taken before retiring. An ideal food beverage for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, the aged and infirm

FREE SAMPLE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.
Dept. D-10, Racine, Wis.

This coupon is good for one sample of either Horlick's Malted Milk (natural) or Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk.

The Speedy Mixer for quickly mixing a delicious Malted Milk in a glass will also be mailed to you if you enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover postage.

Check sample wanted ☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name

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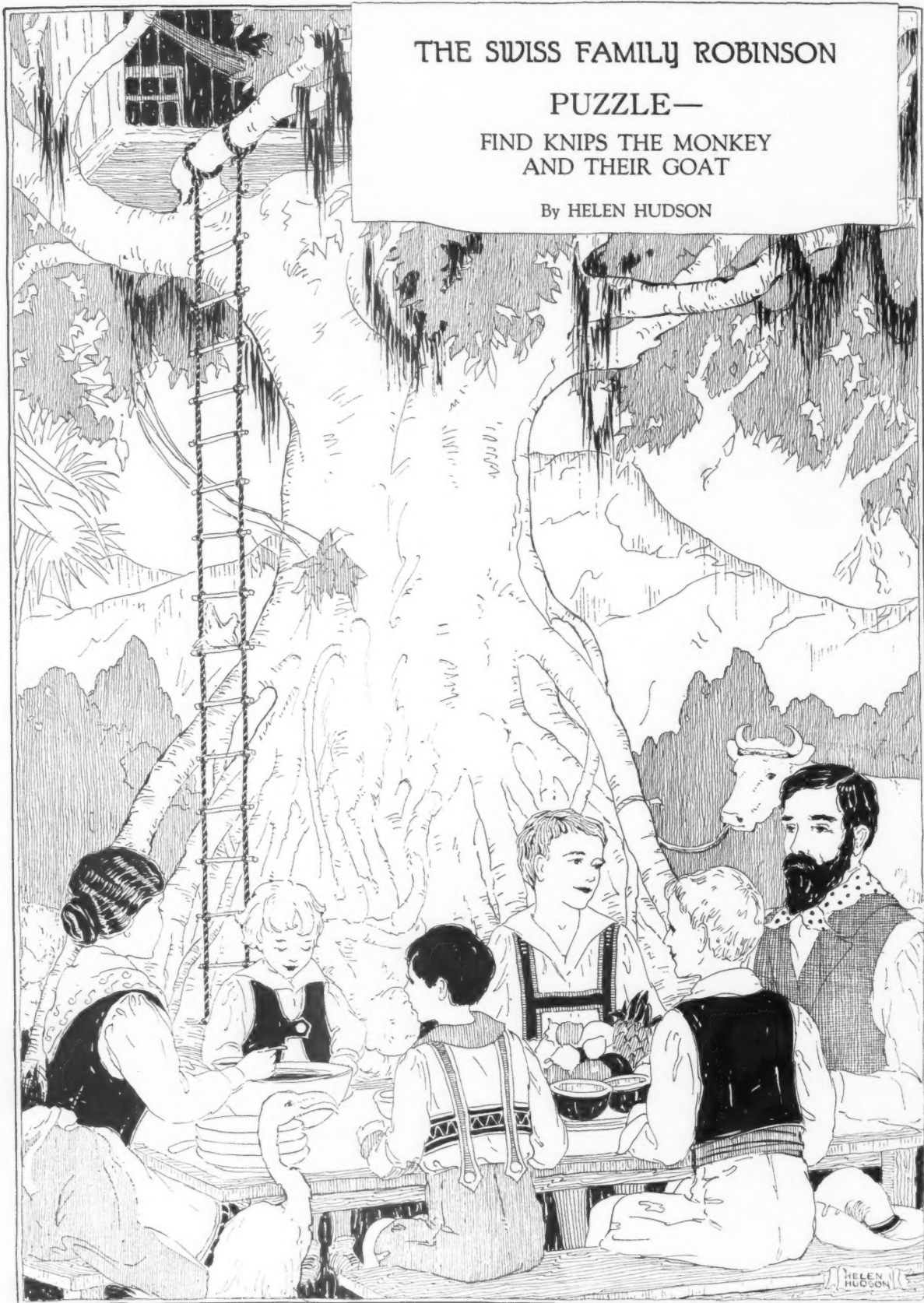
(If you live in Canada, address 2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

PUZZLE—

FIND KNIPS THE MONKEY
AND THEIR GOAT

By HELEN HUDSON





Elephants . . in place of towns

Why have they disappeared from our maps—the quaint decorations to which the maps of centuries ago owe so much of their charm?

True, we no longer believe that sea serpents, mermaids and zephyrs haunt the corners of the seas. But why not still the ships and the less fabulous fauna?

The simple answer is that they are no longer necessary. How they ever came to be put on maps is sufficiently explained in the following lines by Dean Swift:

"So geographers in Afric's maps
With savage pictures fill
their gaps,

And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of
towns."

There are fewer gaps to be filled, these days! And it is this very



fact that makes our modern maps even more fascinating than maps ever were before.

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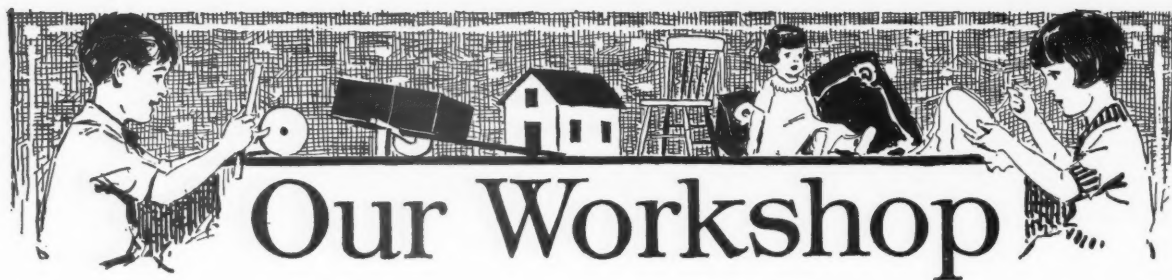
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LET'S close up our workshops and take a vacation. We

need a change to fit us for school in the fall. Vacation suggests good times out-of-doors, and camping is one of the best of good times. We generally think of camping as sleeping in a tent in the woods, or on the banks of a lake or stream, or motor camping with Daddy. But all of us cannot go away this summer, so I shall tell how to camp out in the back yard or in a lot near-by, a plan any one can follow.

Of course, back yard camping keeps you close to home. But, when you awaken in the dead of night, it does not require a great deal of imagination to fancy that you are in deep woods a thousand miles away. Camping at home is packs of fun, and you probably will want to sleep out all summer, once you have become accustomed to it.

The back yard camp is a good training camp in which to learn the knack of pitching and striking a tent, building a cooking fire, and cooking food fit to eat, and it is an advantage to the tenderfoot to have home near at hand in case things go wrong, in case the tent leaks like a sieve or blows away, or

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Making Things with Tools," "Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys," "Homemade Games and Game Equipment," etc.

CAMPING OUT

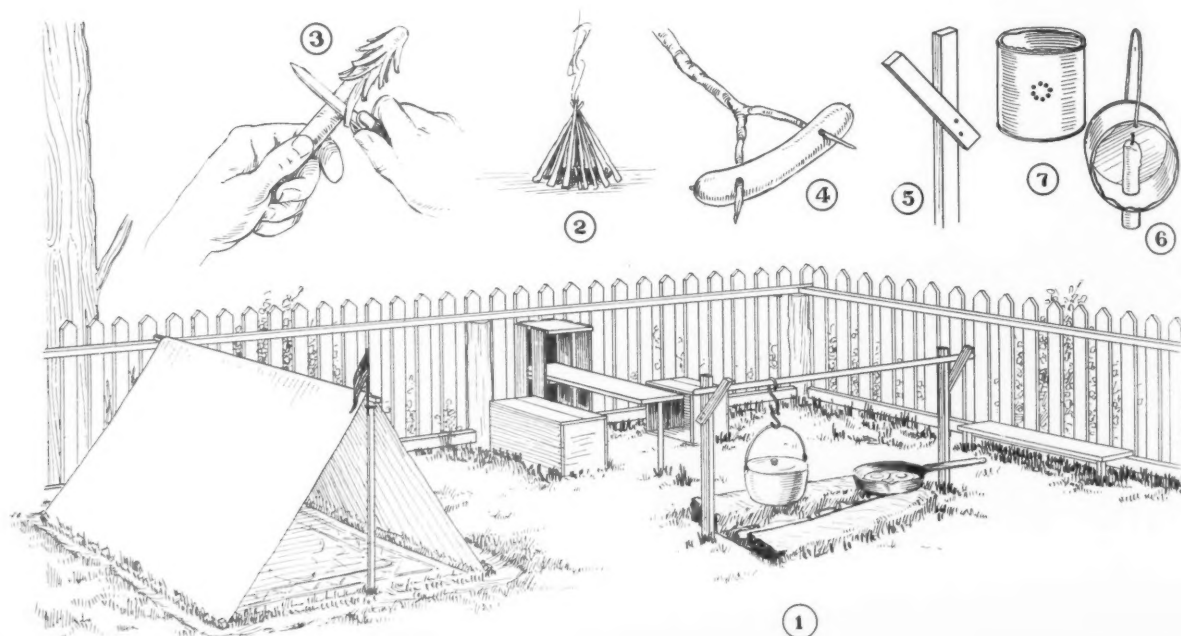
the eats do not fill the hungry spot, or the mosquito dope fails to work.

Figure 1 shows the way I would organize my backyard camp. Almost any type of tent will do, but

the small pup-tent or shelter tent is quite the thing for the yard camp, because it requires little space. It is an inexpensive tent, too, and when you become a Boy Scout you will use it frequently on overnight hikes. The illustration shows a tent made of a tarpaulin, or several widths of eight-ounce cotton duck sewed together, with a triangular piece to inclose the rear, and a similar piece to protect the front. If you will support one end of the ridge-pole upon the fence rail, as shown, only one upright pole will be necessary. Drive stakes at the sides to fasten the tent to. Let the tent be taut in dry weather, but slacken it before a storm to prevent its ripping when raised upon.

To prevent surface water from flooding the tent, dig a narrow trench around it, with an outlet at one side for a drain. Spread an old rug, piece of carpet, or burlap upon the ground, and place a poncho or raincoat upon it before making your

(Continued on page 436)



ROLLING DOWN A HILL

DOROTHY ALDIS

Rolling
Down a
Hill my
Head
Turns in-
To my
Feet in-
Stead;

And the
Grasstops
And the
Sky
Tangle
Up as
I go
By.

Cows and
Trees are
Jumbled
Till
I reach the
Bottom
Of the
Hill.

Then they
Straighten
Out once
More
And look the
Way they
Did be-
Fore.

My feet are
Where they
Used to
be—

My head is back on top of me.



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"Bring to me this Knight in golden armor," commanded the King, "that I may ask his name—and the secret of his strength." Thereupon, he was brought before the King.

"Sire"—he said—"my name is Sir Hubert, and the secret of my strength is this.

"Once there came to my father's

castle a very wise man. He told us the story of wheat—how nature had put into it the materials that build mighty bones and muscles.

"My father ordered that wheat be ground into meal—then roasted and toasted to a nut-brown color. Of this delicious food, I have eaten a big steaming bowlful every day. To that, Sire, I owe my exceeding great strength."

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Every product advertised in this issue has the approval of CHILD LIFE and the endorsement of the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.

THE BARN AND OAK LIMITED

[Continued from page 404]

"Hi, there!" shouted the dismayed engineer. "Get out of the road, you big idiot!" and then, as the intruder on the right of way, showed no signs of obeying, he shrieked agonizingly to his brake-



man, "Put on the brakes! Stop the train! Stop her!"

But alas, there were no brakes! Nothing could check the speed of the Limited except a collision with Una's hard head, which immediately followed. The impact was terrific. The string of express wagons crumpled up behind the smashed buckboard, and its contents of screaming children described circles in the air as the entire train turned over and rolled down a slight embankment into the valley.

The spectators on the porch, shocked by this sudden catastrophe, hurried to the rescue but found the children more terrified than hurt. Laughing and consoling, they sorted out the bewildered passengers from the wreckage. When Edie, who had received a severe bump on the head, stopped crying and opened her eyes she looked straight into Miss Bonny's merry blue ones, now full of concern.

"My goodness! You poor child!" said the young lady. "You're hurt worse than anybody, aren't you? How brave you are!"

A warm feeling of gratitude and delight filled the little girl's heart to the brim. The smash-up was worth while after all. She felt badly shaken but she looked up at Miss Bonny and smiled.

"It's just like a real railroad wreck, isn't it?" she said. "Is everybody all right?"

"Yes," Miss Bonny assured her, looking at the group of children and grown-ups around them laughing and talking. "Everything's all right except the train. I am afraid there will have to be a new Barn & Oak Limited!" She pointed to the broken wagons on the grass. "Come on down to the house with me," she added, "and I'll read to you until you feel better."

"All right," agreed Edie, then, as Norman joined them, she asked anxiously, "What happened to Una? Was he hurt?"

"No," replied the wrathful engineer, "not in the wreck, but he's



going to get hurt now!" And he started for the roadway.

Edie's gaze followed, and there she saw Una, a smashed wheel around his neck, solemnly chewing at the cushion of the dining car as if nothing had happened and as if he, least of all, was responsible for the wreck on the Barn & Oak.



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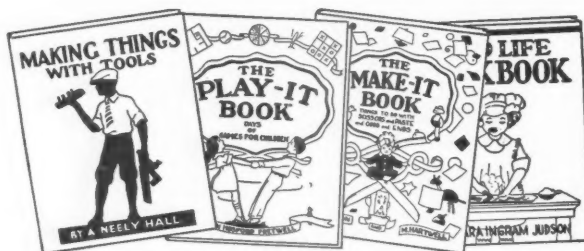
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SAM, FLAG BEARER

[Continued from page 397]

stood Don, holding a large tray. On the tray were a bowl heaped high with ice cream, a plate of chocolate cake, and a saucer and a spoon. His astonishment was so funny that both girls burst out laughing.

"This is Don," Lettice explained to Sally. "You can't wonder that he looks queer."

"Where did that Sam come from?" Don demanded.

"Put the tray down before you drop it, Sam," said Lettice. Then she told him what had happened.

Don's face shone. "You were right about his being an extra fine doll, Lettice. Just look how he's holding on to his flag for dear life."

Don sat down and wiped his forehead. "We came off well, didn't we? I know I did."

"I did, too," said Lettice. "I not only have Sam back, but I have Sally."

"And a big lump of the picnic besides," said Don. "They sent you a whole pailful of ice cream; this is some of it. You ought to have heard people praising your dolls at the picnic, too. They sold like hot cakes."

Lettice beamed with pleasure. "And now for the ice cream," she said. "Run and get an extra saucer and spoon, Don, will you?"

"Get two extra saucers and spoons, if it's ice cream," said a sudden voice outside.

Uncle Roger stood in the arbor door, tall and jolly in his uniform. "I heard the word, ice cream," he said. "I'm ready for a bowlful, if you're ready for this." And he held out a big box of candy.

There was great fun after that. Lettice and her visitors and Mother into the bargain cleaned up the whole pailful of ice cream with much fun and laughter.

"What a *scrumptious* Fourth of July!" Lettice cried.

GREY FOX GOES HOME

[Continued from page 407]

the hole with his flashlight. His eyes opened wide and his jaw dropped at what he saw. Crouched defiantly in the bottom of the hole was Grey Fox, a small dog collar around his neck!

For a long time the man gazed down at the fox and finally spoke.

"Well, this surely beats all! Here you go and break my chain and get away. Then you find your way home. Then you come out and bark at my car. All I've got to do is to hook a stick in that collar and drag you out." He stopped and grinned before he went on. "But, old man, you sure must like it around here, so I'm just going to let you stay. Thanks for the fun you gave the dogs, and maybe we'll try it again some fine night."

Perhaps Grey Fox understood—perhaps he didn't. Anyway the man chuckled at the look in his eyes and, calling the dogs, walked slowly away.

Grey Fox is old now. He still lives in the pine woods south of the big lake, and his tracks may be seen 'most any morning in the tram road that leads from the swamp. Many a fine chase he has led the dogs, and who knows but what he enjoys it as much as they? Perhaps some of you boys and girls are wondering how I know so much about Grey Fox, and are thinking to yourselves that this is just another make-believe animal story. But, you see, Old Chief, Big Sandy, and the others were my dogs, and I am the man who took Grey Fox from his home—and left him there.



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OVER THE TELEPHONE

By MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

I DON'T see why it had to rain so hard *this* afternoon," grumbled Edwin. He and Marjorie sat on the deep window seat, watching the raindrops as they beat against the window. Usually they enjoyed seeing the splash of the rain, and they had their toys and books to amuse them when they tired of the sport. But to-day it was different.

Jean Cline had a visitor—a cousin from the west who knew more nice games than Jean had ever dreamed of, and on this afternoon they had planned to come over and teach Edwin and Marjorie how to play some of them.

"The cousin is going home to-morrow," Marjorie sighed. "We shall never know about those games now."

Just then the telephone rang and Edwin ran to answer it.

"This is Jean," came a voice. "Of course, we can't come over in this rain, but Cousin Edna says we shall play games here and you and Marjorie can play them over there."

"How can we play a game when we don't know how?" Edwin wanted to know.

"Cousin Edna will explain it over the telephone."

Hearing a game explained over the telephone was something new to Edwin, and he listened very carefully when the cousin came to the phone.

"Jean and I are going to have a Japanese fan race and you and your sister can have one over there," she suggested.

"Of course, the fans do not race; they are used to fan a three-inch square of tissue paper towards the goals. I shall place two books on the floor about a foot apart and call that my goal. Then I shall mark a starting place six feet from my goal, measuring it with the yardstick, and place my piece of tissue paper on the starting line. Jean will make the same kind of a course but far enough away from mine to keep me from fanning his paper accidentally. When the word is given each one of us shall try to fan his paper through the goal first."

"Oh, that sounds like a dandy race!" Edwin exclaimed.

"You can fan the tissue paper squares with newspapers if the fans are put away," suggested Jean's cousin.

But Edwin said quickly, "We have fans right here and it will be lots of fun to try it. I'll let you know who wins."

Marjorie ran for the fans the moment she heard Edwin mention them, and the course was laid out and the squares of tissue paper fixed, while Edwin explained the game. Soon they were fanning away and laughing heartily when the squares of paper went the wrong way.

Edwin won the first game and Marjorie the second and third. The score stood eight to eight when the telephone rang again. It was Jean's cousin wanting to know if they were ready to learn a Chinese game.

"Of course, we want to learn as many games as possible, but we intend to have a fan race every day. What do we need for the Chinese game?"

"Nothing but your two hands. Both of you put your hands behind your backs while one of you counts three. Exactly on the last count, you bring your hands around in front of you in one of three positions—with your fists clenched, making a ball



of your hands like a stone, or with your fingers out like a flat piece of paper, or with the first two fingers spread out like scissors, while the other fingers are folded away in the palm of your hand. Both of your hands must take the same position.

"If you have brought up your hands like scissors and your sister has her hands spread out like paper, you say, 'Scissors cut paper,' and mark down one score for yourself. But if she has her fists clenched like a stone she will say, 'Stone breaks scissors,' and she scores a point."

"Should she take the stone position while you have paper you may say, 'Paper wraps stone' and win a point. It all depends upon what each of you brings up at the third count. Should you bring the same thing, neither one can score. The one who first gets a score of ten wins. And if each one of you wins a game, a third must be played to decide the match."

"Oh, wait, please until I write that down," cried Edwin, fearful that he could not remember what was to be said.

This is what he wrote: "Flat hands and fists come up together—'Paper wraps stone.' Paper wins. Paper and scissors—'Scissors cut paper.' Scissors wins. Stone and scissors—'Stone breaks scissors.' Stone wins."

It took Marjorie a few minutes to learn what the three positions were and what she must say when her position was the winning one; then she enjoyed every minute of the play, even when Edwin won the game.

"Why," cried Marjorie, "we can play that game

when we are waiting in the railway station or just any place. Do see if Jean's cousin knows any more games that two can play."

Edwin came from the telephone with sparkling eyes. "Come into the dining room. She told me about a dandy game to be played around the table. She called it 'Cat and Mouse.' I'll be the cat first. We must both be blindfolded, then you start at one end of the table and I'll start at the other. We must both keep our hands on the table but we can move either forward or backward and I shall try my best to catch you. You'll have to listen carefully, now, for you don't know which way I am coming."

Marjorie was as still as any little mouse for a time, much more quiet than Edwin, and she had no trouble in guessing which way she should move to keep out of the way, but when she had a narrow escape she giggled out loud and was caught instantly. It was her turn then to be the cat and try to catch Edwin. They were so intent on this silent game that they did not hear the door bell ring, but they tore off the bandages quick enough when Jean and his cousin Edna came hurrying into the big dining room.

"Didn't you know it had stopped raining?" asked Jean, and laughed because they looked so very surprised.

"Why, no!" Edwin exclaimed, while Marjorie added, "We were having such a jolly time we never thought to look outside."

They took turns at playing "Cat and Mouse," and the two who were watching found that almost as exciting as playing. They were careful to keep very still, so the players could hear each other slipping around.

Then Cousin Edna suggested a jolly game for four. It was hardly a game, since there was no score to be kept, but each side tried very hard to keep possession of the ball with which they played. The four players joined hands and backed off as far as possible; then they dropped their hands and squatted down on their heels. Jean who had the ball found himself opposite Marjorie, so they were partners. He threw the ball to her and the other two tried to catch it before it reached her. When they were successful they threw it back and forth between themselves until the other side got it. Each player was compelled to keep one toe upon the spot that marked the first position but they could squat on the other heel as near the middle as possible, provided they did not topple over. If a ball went out of the circle they could all break position and try to get it. It was against the rules of the game for the players to stand up or take the ball from another's hands.

"I like this game best of all," Edwin declared. "What do you call it?"

"Snatch Away."

"Then snatch away," he called to Edna, his partner.





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THE MAGIC POPPERS

[Continued from page 393]

himself) we'll manage to surprise them. Together we stand, divided we fall. Whereto we set our hand and seal this fourth day of July, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight."

Each child signed solemnly and somewhere a dull bell began ringing softly. "The Liberty Bell!" cried Judy.

"Silly, it's just Katy ringing the dinner bell," Bobs laughed. "Gee, I'm hungry, too. And it's time to pop your popper, sis."

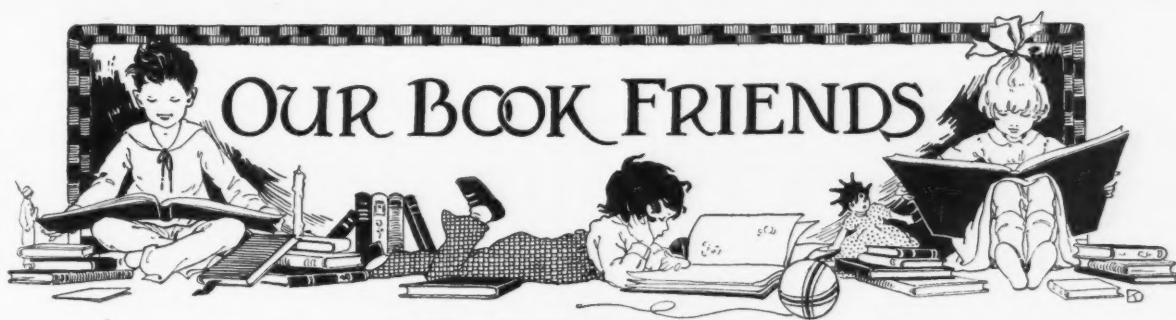
Judy snapped it open and stared with surprise as another silver bullet shot out. "Go to the middle drawer of the sideboard and see what you can find!" said the directions which they found inside.

The children, still in costume, hurried down the ladder to the floor below. Katy was rapturous over their appearance and pretended to bow and scrape before them. She helped them set the table on the lawn with the pretty red, white and blue crepe paper tablecloth and napkins that Judy found in the drawer. There were streamers and bows for their chairs, too, and snappers and gay paper hats with cockades. In the middle of the table they put a bowl of red apples, white grapes and blue plums. Katy brought their dinner on paper plates with little shields pasted around the edges. They had red beets to eat and white mashed potatoes and lamb chops with the bones cunningly dressed up in red, white and blue paper frills. For dessert there was a white frosted cake dotted with tiny red candies, thirteen blue candles flaming merrily on top for the thirteen original colonies. And each child had an ice cream flag with red and white stripes and tiny stars blazing on a blue field. Oh, there were lots of surprises—lollipops and ginger ale with straws and cookies shaped like Liberty Bells. Afterwards the children played games on the grass and before they knew it three o'clock was right on their heels.

Nicky opened his popper on the lawn and his silver bullet popped into a big hole in an oak tree. Judy screamed in dismay but valiant Thomas Jefferson rescued it with his penknife and saved the day. It said, "Look at the picture over the fireplace in the living room. Then pull out the box under the window seat."

"It's 'The Spirit of '76,' don't you remember?" panted Nicky as they ran indoors. Sure enough, it was, though the children had never bothered to study it very closely before. The long white box held a drum, a flag and a fife. Nicky posed the other three in imitation of the three ragged heroes of the picture. And then what thumping and banging, what squeaking and squealing, as they marched around and around the house!

[Continued on page 430]



BY AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Edison Junior High School, Long Beach, California

WHETHER we are at home or away from home, vacation gives us the best opportunity to pursue our hobbies. If your interest, like that of "The Alchemist," is in science, then you, too, from the very start of your experiments, will form a habit of writing down your experience. You will not study science long before you will require a microscope. How would it do, provided you cannot own equipment yourself, to have a collecting hobby? The clubbed pocket money of half a dozen boys would go far toward buying the necessary items. *Modern Aladdins and Their Magic* gives the origin of many familiar articles of everyday use. Any boy or girl who reads the book will want to make some experiments for himself. Those who have an instinct for adventure will delve into *The Book of the Microscope*, *The Boys' Book of Experiments* and *The Boys' Book of Science and Construction*.

Sooner or later everyone who has a hobby joins a club. Eric Wood, in his book called *Hobbies*, has very practical ideas on "How To Run a Club."

There are a number of books which the officers of any handicraft club will want to call to the attention of the members. A book for the younger members of the club—one which contains drawings and diagrams for making toys and other things—is Edna Plimpton's *Your Workshop*. A splendid recent book is called *Making Things With Tools* by A. Neely Hall. From the end papers, which show pictures of the necessary tools, to the last chapter, the fun of making things is evident. "Building for Pleasure and Business" is a chapter which tells how to construct a fire-engine house and a lemonade stand. An airplane glider and an air-mail route to your chum's house are two other rigs which will have great popularity. Three of the best books on the making of model airplanes are Hamburg's *Beginning To Fly*, Collin's *Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes* and Camm's *Model Airplanes*. Several other good handicraft books are listed below.

Any of you, who enjoy bewildering your friends with your cleverness and can out-baffle them with "patter," will probably take up magic and ventriloquism as a hobby. After you have read some of the books on the subject you will not expect to

become a sleight-of-hand performer in five minutes. You will not become discouraged after two or three failures but will study until you find the right path to success. You will learn that conjuring does not always consist in a display of dexterity but is brought about by very simple means. The only thing the conjurer has to trouble about, when he is giving a performance, is the effect which he produces on the minds of his audience. In ventriloquism distance certainly lends enchantment. Get as far away from your audience as you possibly can. These and other suggestions will be found in *Hobbies*, *The Boy Magician*, *The Boy's Book of Magic*, and *Home Fun*.

Remember that the keynote of any hobby is simplicity. After you have read these books, you will see that they contain interest enough to keep us enthusiastic for many days.

RIDING HOBBIES

- | | |
|--|--|
| Amateur Circus Life | - - - - - Ernest Balch |
| MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| American Boy's Handy Book | - - - - - Dan C. Beard |
| CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK | |
| Beginning To Fly | - - - - - Merrill Hamburg |
| HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON | |
| Book of the Microscope | - - - - - Archie Frederick Collins |
| D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| Boy Magician | - - - - - Raymond Dixie |
| LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON | |
| Boy Showman | - - - - - A. Rose |
| E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| Boys' Book of Amusements | - - - - - Archie Frederick Collins |
| D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| Boys' Book of Experiments | - - - - - Archie Frederick Collins |
| THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| Boy's Book of Magic | - - - - - Hereward Carrington |
| DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes | - - - - - F. A. Collins |
| CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| Boy's Book of Science and Construction | - - - - - Alfred P. Morgan |
| LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON | |
| Build A Winning Model Yacht | - - - - - Thomas Moore |
| FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| Complete Playcraft Book | - - - - - Patten Beard |
| FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| Hobbies | - - - - - Eric Wood |
| FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK | |
| Home Fun | - - - - - Cecil H. Bullisant |
| THOMAS NELSON & SONS, NEW YORK | |
| How To Be An Athlete | - - - - - Charles E. Hammett |
| D. C. HEATH & COMPANY, CHICAGO | |
| How to Organize and Conduct a Meeting | - - - - - W. H. F. Henry and Dr. L. Seeley |
| NOBLE & NOBLE, NEW YORK | |
| Hundred Things a Bright Girl Can Make | - - - - - B. E. Snow and H. B. Froehlich |
| J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA | |
| Indian How Book | - - - - - Arthur C. Parker |
| DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK | |

[Continued on page 436]



Huzzah! . . . Huzzah!

Bob and Betty are in Russia

WHEN Bob and Betty first reached Russia they were invited to a Russian tea party. They didn't know a word of Russian—but they decided 'twould be fun to go.

It was wildly exciting as they whizzed off to the party in a low sled drawn by one great snorting horse. But it didn't compare with the thrill they got after they arrived at the party.

'Twas a strange tea party! All the little Russian boys and girls were gathered about one man who was doing the most wonderful dance. Between his teeth he held a long knife—on the floor there were two swords crossed. In and out and over and across these knives he danced—all the while flipping the knife from his mouth with his teeth, so that he stuck it straight in the floor. He even put one of the big swords between his teeth and flipped it right straight into the floor—just like a game of mumblety peg!

Bob was so impressed. He was very anxious to talk to the dancing man—but he couldn't speak Russian. At last, Bob found a little Russian boy who could speak English too—so he used him as an interpreter.

And then, Bob told the Russian dancer that he wanted to grow up to be like him—and that he wanted to flip knives with his teeth. The Russian dancer laughed and told the interpreter to tell Bob that he had better brush his teeth twice a day then. And Bob said he did, with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Then the Russian dancer shook Bob's hand and said in Russian—"I do too!"

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City.....State.....

THE PATRIOTIC SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES

[Continued from page 399]

and love it. "*La Brabanconne*" is the name of this song which celebrates the independence of Belgium. The words are by Jenneval, who was killed in defending Brussels, the capital city of Belgium; the music is by Campenhout, a well-known opera singer of the times (1830). I once heard a regiment of Belgian soldiers marshalled in the great open square of Brussels sing "*La Brabanconne*," while their ruler—King Albert, as good as he is brave—proudly sat his charger, and throughout the national anthem held his right hand at salute. That experience gave me cold shivers so much that it almost hurt, and I never hear "*La Brabanconne*" but what some of the thrills return.

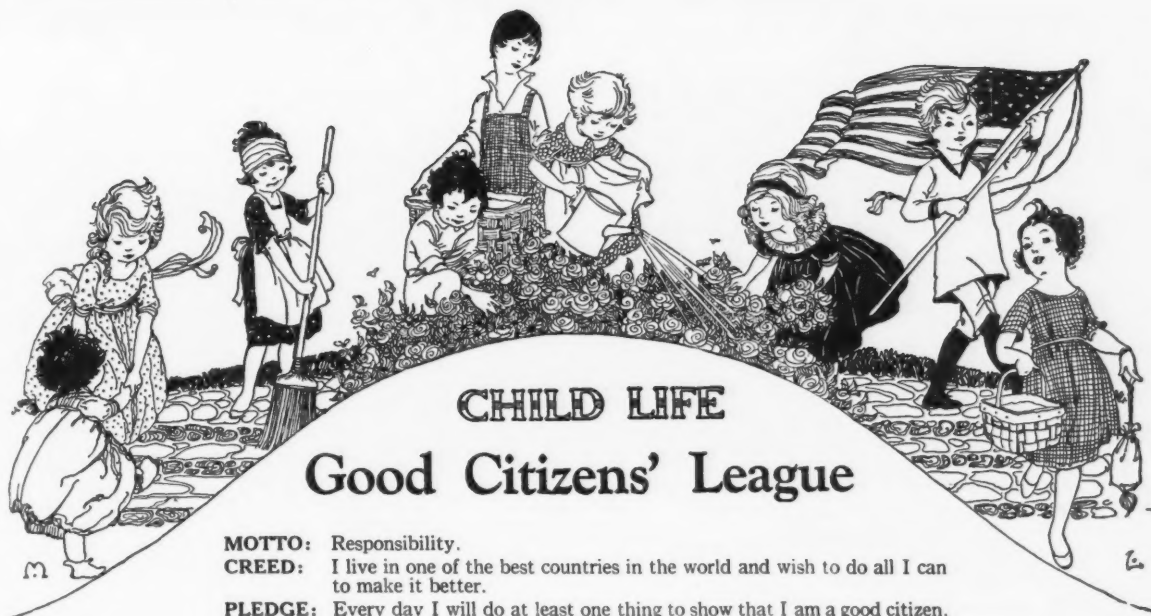
Now ask Mother to play the national song of sunny Italy. It will remind you of the "*Marseillaise*." It is called "*Garibaldi's War Hymn*," and was composed by Olivieri in 1859. There could hardly be a more forceful combination of strong words and forceful rhythms, and every Italian child sings this patriotic song as if he were the sole defender of his native land.

The two songs of Spain which best breathe the air of Independence Day, according to every Spanish musician I have ever talked to, are "*Riego's Hymn*" and a stirring national song in six-eighths rhythm (which closes "*To die for freedom and Spain*"). The royal house of Spain uses "*The Royal March*" as the national hymn, but the people and not the King are the best judges as to what songs most truly express their love of freedom. So on this, our Fourth of July, we shall sing the two Spanish songs best beloved by the millions of Spanish subjects.

Now turn to the songs of Hungary, and while your mother is playing the National Hymn of Hungary by Erkel and the famous "*Heron Song*," I shall be thinking of you, for I am to be hearing the Hungarian and the Gypsy songs in Budapest itself (the capital city of Hungary) right at the very time you are listening to the Hungarian national song at home. Liszt and Brahms have both used the "*Heron Song*" in their works, for it is genuine Hungarian music, and noticeably different in rhythm and accents from the national songs of western Europe which Mother has played to you. Perhaps she will have to count this song out loud at first, just as your music teacher makes you do, for unless she is used to its snappy, rather jerky figures and unexpected accents—or unless she is of Gypsy blood—she will have to *watch her step*.

However, the folk songs of the Hungarian people, especially those which the Hungarian Gypsies have

[Continued on page 430]



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

HEROES OF INDEPENDENCE

"I'll never forget *that* parade," Bill announced to the other members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League, who were holding their first meeting after the town's mammoth Independence Day celebration.

"Specially those men who were dressed up like the signers of the Declaration of Independence," Miriam added. "Didn't Mr. Chapin look exactly like the picture of Thomas Jefferson in our history book?"

"Yes, and didn't Miriam's father look exactly like Benjamin Franklin?" said Harvey.

"I think he did, too," Miriam answered proudly. "He said now that he had actually looked like Poor Richard, he felt as though he knew him a great deal better and could appreciate just what a great gift Benjamin Franklin had helped to make us in the Declaration of Independence. Some day he's going to take me to the old State House in Philadelphia where the Declaration was signed. The room has been kept just as it was then; even John Hancock's desk is there."

"Wouldn't it have been great to have really known those men?" said David. "Of course, I'm glad I'm alive to-day when so many wonderful things are happening;

A GOOD CITIZEN

1. I helped with an Independence Day celebration.
2. I read or listened to the readings of the Declaration of Independence.
3. I memorized the first sentence of the paragraph of the Declaration.
4. I hung out a flag on Independence Day.
5. I read about Samuel Adams who was influential in calling the first Continental Congress.
6. I read about Thomas Jefferson, who was the author of the Declaration of Independence.
7. I read about Richard Henry Lee, who offered the resolution to the Continental Congress that the colonies declare their independence.
8. I learned an anecdote about Patrick Henry.
9. I learned an anecdote about Benjamin Franklin.
10. I read a story about some other signer of the Declaration of Independence.
11. I learned the story of how the Liberty Bell came to another nation.
12. I memorized a patriotic song I did not already know.
13. I memorized a patriotic poem I did not already know.
14. I learned how the first American flag came to be made.
15. I learned the proper way to salute the flag.
16. I learned the correct way of raising and lowering the flag.
17. I learned the correct way to display the flag of the United States when it is displayed on staffs with other flags.
18. I learned the correct way of wearing the flag as a badge.
19. I earned the money to buy a new flag (large or small).
20. I learned to recognize the flags of several countries besides my own.
21. I read or learned the words of a patriotic song of another nation.
22. I gave a new American a copy of one of my country's patriotic songs.
23. I told a new American the story of the signing of our Declaration of Independence.
24. I told a new American how our first flag came to be made.
25. I gave a small flag to a new American.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age, and address, at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your July list of good deeds in time to reach us by August 5 if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

but whenever I hear about those old Revolutionary heroes, I always wish that I could have seen them and perhaps have talked to them."

It was David's wish that started the Brocton league on the subject of "Heroes of Independence." The other members also wished to have a better understanding of the courageous men who had given the nation a document, which more than any other—except the Constitution perhaps—had helped to shape American institutions and to influence American life.

Each member agreed to read a story or an anecdote about at least one of the signers, and at the next meeting Elizabeth talked about Samuel Adams who was the first to protest against the Stamp Act, and David told them about Richard Henry Lee who had offered the resolution to the Continental Congress that the colonies declare their independence, while Robert Morris, John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson were the subjects of brief talks by the others.

When Miriam's turn came she smiled mysteriously and said, "I'm not going to say anything about a flesh and blood hero, but I think it deserves to be called a hero just the same." And she proceeded to tell them the story of the Liberty Bell—how it was cast in London

Good Citizens' League

by Thomas Lister and brought to America in 1752, how it was hung in the tower of the State House in Philadelphia the next year, and how on July 8, 1776, four days after the Declaration had been signed, it rang out the triumphant news to the people of Philadelphia and called them together in the State House yard to celebrate the birth of a great nation.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boy and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

Honor Roll for February

(Continued from June Issue)

Arthur St. John	Charles Stonecipher	Roy Tyree
Dorothy Schold	Molly Stover	Chester Vass
Kenneth Schuelke	Eleanor Switzer	Melvin Wagner
Vernon Schuelke	Doris Tate	Mary Jane Wallace
Robert Schumaker	Verve Terry	Charles Wilkie
Catherine Shafer	Byron Tilden	Hattie Williams
Geraldine Sharpe	Doris Timmons	James Williams
Harley Shottliff	Rebecca Travioli	Marguerite Williams
Clarence Steagall	Alfred Treadway	Katherine E. Zeis
Marie Stolte	Estelle Tyree	Harvey Zippel
Billy Stoltz		

Honor Roll for March

James Almoney	Ruth Hershman	George Rush
Margaret Bahn	Keith Hoare	Wilbur Rush
Clair Bahn	Harry Johnson	Virginia Sanderson
Dorcas Bahn	Mabel Johnson	Paul Sather
George W. Bell	Clifford Jolly	Dorothy Schold
Kenneth Bentz	Viola Kanis	Emma Schrieber
Katherine Bitter	Audrey Kizer	Vernon Schuelke
Robert Blood	Edward Koselke	Alfred Schulz
Leonard Boehlke	Dale Kruckman	Arvilla Schulz
Raymond Bowman	Raymond Kumm	Harry Schulz
Virgin Breitkreutz	Edna Lake	Geraldine Sharpe
Hortense Brenner	Max Lawrence	F. Macdonald Spindler
Dorothy Buckley	Spurgeon Leckrone	Marie Stolte
Ethel Caslow	Elizabeth Lewis	Billy Stoltz
George Childress	Jacob Mack	Hilbert C. Stoltz
Kenneth Chronister	Lola Mack	Charles Stonecipher
William Chronister	Walter Metts	Verve Terry
Mardell Coburn	Jake Mohr	Opal Thornton
Edna Cowles	Harris Myers	Byron Tilden
Edward Cowles	Frances Niemoller	Doris Timmons
Barbara Croft	Martha Pitt	James Timmons
Clyde Cunningham	June Pacey	Annie Updike
Paul Cunningham	Verne Pacey	Edward Updike
Edna Daley	Alvin Pagel	Virginia Updike
Lucille Egan	Clarence Raschke	Violet Vertach
Elmer Emond	June Rauen	Myrtle Weber
Robert Fleming	Robert Rauen	Pauline Werner
Rhoda Frank	Joe Rausch	Kenneth White
Allen Golden	William Riale	Charles Wilt
Harvey Grieger	Dwight Rose	Ardele Wolf
Alwilda Grigg	Carl Rosenbaum	Frieda Wolf
Hillis Hall	Leonard Rosenbaum	Katherine Zeis
Dale Harsh	Marguerite Rosenbaum	Harvey Zippel
Rosemary Hart		

Honor Roll for April

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during April:

Dorcas Bahn	Ruth Hershman	Leonard Rosenbaum
Margaret Bahn	Keith Hoare	Marguerite Rosenbaum
Theresa Barbles	Ruby Holtdorf	Virginia Sanderson
Clair Baum	Mabel Johnson	Dorothy Schold
Katherine Butler	Clifford Jolly	Emma Schrieber
Leonard Boehlke	Viola Kanis	Vernon Schuelke
Dorothy Buckley	Leonard King	Alfred Schulz
Eva Caslow	Audrey Kizer	Arvilla Schulz
Ethel Chronister	Edward Koselke	Harry Schulz
Florence Chronister	Raymond Kumm	Rebecca Scruggs
Kenneth Chronister	Spurgeon Leckrone	Geraldine Sharpe
William Chronister	Edna Lake	Frank Schreiber
Mardell Coburn	Elizabeth Lewis	Marie Stolte
Twila Collins	Jacob Mack	Charles Stonecipher
Edna Cowles	Lola Mack	Veryl Terry
Clyde Cunningham	Irene Melcher	Byron Tilden
Doris Doane	Hazel Mitzner	Doris Timmons
Lucille Egan	Harris Myers	James Timmons
Robert Fleming	Ethel McGuigan	Ruth Virgils
Rhoda Frank	Frances Niemoller	Myrtle Weber
Carmen Gardemat	June Pacey	Cleo Wiesjahn
Harvey Grieger	William Riale	Charles Wilt
Leonard Griewank	Dwight Rose	Frieda Wolf
Hillis Hall	Carl Rosenbaum	Harvey Zippel

THE PATRIOTIC SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES

(Continued from page 428)

adopted and embroidered, are among the most beautiful and characteristic songs of the entire world and you will find the average folk song rather tame and colorless after listening to these highly-spiced songs of the Magyars and Oriental gypsies.

And now, if you have time before dinner, play the great liberty-songs of Poland, Germany, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Japan and England, for to the boys and girls of each of these distant countries and to many loyal citizens of our own United States these patriotic songs mean *home* and *loved ones*, for they stand for freedom and liberty, just as does the "Star Spangled Banner" to you and me.

On this Fourth of July, 1928, there is one step that American boys and girls should take, and it is to learn, and to respect, *The National Song* of each of the civilized nations. Then you will be doing your bit toward a Musical League of Nations which will bring understanding and love into our dealings with our European relatives.

Now let's march out to dinner to the tune of "Yankee Doodle"! It's just the sort of a tune that is fitting for jolly feasts, flags and fireworks.



THE MAGIC POPPERS

(Continued from page 426)

It was a tired group of Revolutionary leaders that gathered for the last popping at six o'clock. "Take in the flag of your country at sundown with proper military ceremony. Then run quickly to the iron gate by the pond and await command," was the message this time.

There were salutes and martial music from the fife and drum corps as the grand old Red, White and Blue fluttered down from its tall pole. Then four pairs of patriotic but weary feet hurried over the slope of the lawn to the big gate by the road. It was the biggest surprise of all to find Mother and Daddy getting out of the car to sweep Tom Jefferson, John Adams, Ben Franklin and Charles Carroll of Carrollton off their feet for hugs and kisses all around.






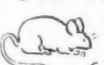

"Couldn't stay away another minute, darlings," said Mother. "And look—we've a whole carload of rockets to end up the day."

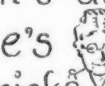


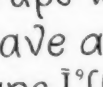

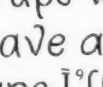






"But how did you ever know we'd find those poppers?" asked Tim.

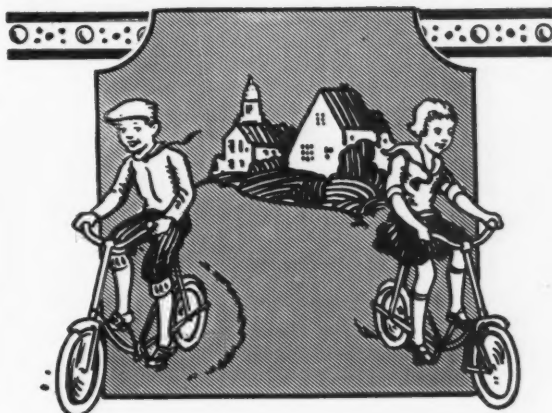
Dad's eyes twinkled. "You wouldn't be a son of mine if you hadn't thought of exploring that attic, Tim!" he said.

LONESOME

By
Helen Crowles LeCron

My cousin Harry has a  and Billy has a  And Gracie has a collie  that seems to love her so! And Janie has a Maltese  . . . And Donald has a  that wrinkles up its nose like this! (It looks so dear and funny!) And Mattie has two tame white . Just think, her mother lets her keep 'em in the ! . . . But I . . . I haven't any pets.

Jane's  has a ! My, the tricks  that  bird can do! Well, p'raps when I'm a  I can have a  too. Or p'raps I'll have a gold , or a  or a  or a  like Willie's,  or a funny fat old . I just want something all alive! My uncle says he bets if I were his I could! . . . You see . . . I haven't any pets.



SCOOTER HEALTH

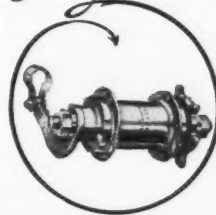
BE sure to get a SCOOTER BIKE;
It *scoots* us everywhere;
It gives us healthy exercise
Out in the sun and air.
Come, let us *all* ride SCOOTER BIKES;
They are the fun that makes
Good health in safety, for they have
Those ENDEE COASTER BRAKES.

TO ALL growing tots scooter bikes give health and fun, while the Endee coaster brake adds safety and still more fun.

No child need be taught to operate it. The action of applying this sturdy little coaster brake comes as natural as breathing.

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New Departure
ENDEE
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An Accident!

THE little chap was in such a hurry to get the sack of Ceresota Flour home to his mother that he fell and broke it open. His mother had promised to bake him some delicious cookies. The little boy knows that cookies made out of Ceresota Flour are not only very, very good, but also very, very good for him. Ceresota Flour is a pure, unbleached flour milled by the Ceresota millers at Minneapolis. Your grocer sells Ceresota or he can get it quickly for you.

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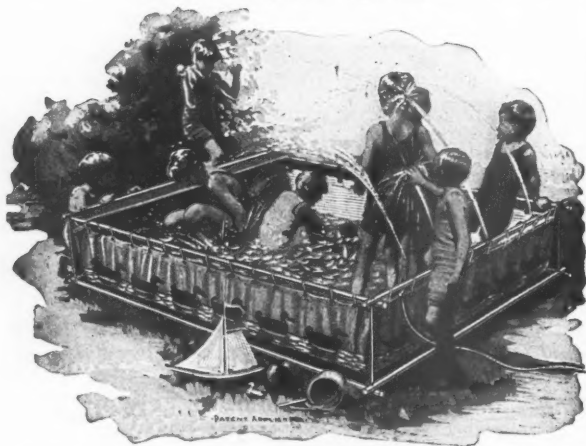
Here is my 10¢ for your beautiful painting book, "The Adventures of Ceresota" and the set of Japanese water colors.

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No more tiresome trips to an insanitary beach or dangerous stream. The children will be at home, playing in pure water and amid proper surroundings. Wading, splashing and water toys are just outside your door awaiting for Warm Days and

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It is Portable, Clean and Safe

Your Store Should Have It—If Not, We Sell Direct

The American Wading Pool Co., Wabash Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send literature relative to PUDDLE DUCK.

Name.....

Address.....



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[Continued from page 414]

Put the hollowed-out tomatoes into the refrigerator to chill.

Chip fine three pieces of celery and the vegetables you have selected—beans, peas, carrots, radishes or whatever you prefer. There should be about 2 cupfuls when these have been added to the cut-up tomato centers.

Cover these cut-up vegetables with $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of French salad dressing and set in the refrigerator for at least an hour—longer is better. This method of covering vegetables, or fruit, with French dressing while chilling is called 'marinating' and greatly improves the flavor of a salad.

At the very last minute before luncheon, arrange nests of the chilled lettuce on a large serving plate or on individual dishes, set a tomato on each nest, fill with the vegetable mixture well drained and top with a teaspoonful of chilled mayonnaise. Serve at once.

TOMATO SALAD, NO. 2

For this salad you will need six tomatoes, a head of lettuce, a little celery, all prepared exactly as for the other salad.

Instead of the other vegetables you will need one cupful of fresh cottage cheese.

Chip finely the tomato centers and the celery and marinate.

When ready to serve the luncheon, drain the French dressing from the celery and tomato; add the cupful of cottage cheese, 2 tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt. Toss together till well blended.

Arrange the tomatoes on nests of lettuce as in the other recipe, fill with the cheese mixture, garnish with chopped pecans or shredded almonds, and serve at once.

These stuffed tomatoes are the easiest sort of salad to take picnicing. In preparing them make sure that you drain off carefully the French dressing in which the vegetables have been marinated.

Then, when the tomatoes are stuffed, wrap each one in two thicknesses of paraffin paper and set them upright on an aluminum plate. At the time of serving, give each guest one wrapped up tomato which can easily be eaten from the paper wrapping.

This sort of salad is particularly acceptable on a picnic because the tomato helps to quench thirst as well as to satisfy hunger, so be sure to use it often.

Next month we will have another recipe that is good either at home or a-picnicing. You see, we are expecting that all our CHILD LIFE readers are enjoying the out-of-doors all they possibly can.

A SUMMER LUNCHEON ON THE PORCH

Tomato Salad Brown Bread and Butter
Peach Jam
Raspberry Short Cake with Whipped Cream
Milk

WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

EUNICE TIETJENS, the distinguished poet, has gone on many journeys and has traveled in many lands; and it was while she was in Tunisia, in North Africa, last year, that she took a camel ride with her young son, Marshall. It was while she was in Tunisia, too, that she met Abdul Aziz, Marshall's little Arab friend, and now she has written a serial story about him for the readers of *CHILD LIFE*. "Son of the Desert" begins this month, and we know you will enjoy meeting Abdul Aziz and hearing about the journey he took from Tunisia, where he had always lived, to the tents of his mother's people who belonged to one of the wandering tribes of Bedouins who lived farther south. You will thrill as Abdul Aziz did at his first sight of the desert, and you will love the pet donkey who became a devoted companion to his young master.

The little Arab boy has some extraordinary experiences with the Bedouins, and we know that you will agree that Eunice Tietjens has written you a story of beauty and power and a story of fun and adventure, too.

Carl Sandburg has been acclaimed one of the greatest living poets. He has won the Pulitzer prize and he has received many other honors; but from the viewpoint of you boys and girls, at least, his children's stories are probably his most important. Many of you enjoyed his two books, "Rootabaga Stories" and "Rootabaga Pigeons"; and many of you read and loved "The Haystack Cricket," "Yang Yang and Hoo Hoo" and "The Huckabuck Family," which appeared in *CHILD LIFE*. We know that you will be glad to learn that *now* he has written two of his beautiful poems for you, and that they will be featured in the August and the October issues of your very own magazine.

Another famous writer who has written for you before—Dhan Gopal Mukerji—has prepared another story for *CHILD LIFE*, and it will appear in an autumn issue. Mr. Mukerji is the well-known writer from India, the author of "Kari, the Elephant," "Jungle Beasts and Men," and "Gay-Neck, the Story of a Pigeon," and many people have called him "the new Kipling." Then just this last winter he published "A Son of Mother India Answers," the book which so many grown-up people have been discussing. When "How a Single Bunny Overcame a Herd of Elephants" appeared in the

April number of *CHILD LIFE*, many of you wrote us to say you liked it. Now we know that you will like his new story, "The Cow Golden Horn." It tells of the adventure of Golden Horn and her son, Jewel Horn, with a tiger and of how the young bull learned that if he is to protect himself from the beasts of the jungle he must use his brains as well as his horns. "He who is without fear has no enemy," Golden Horn said, and her son knew that she was right.



A real Indian story by Carl Moon, author of "Flaming Arrow" and "Lost Indian Magic," is to be one of the features of your *CHILD LIFE* in the near future. And it's not a story of the Indians who lived a long time ago either; it's about Dah-chee, a little Navajo Indian boy, who might be living *now*.

You remember "Everything and Anything," the book so many children

and grown-ups have been reading this past year. Dorothy Aldis has written several new poems, in the same delightful vein, for *CHILD LIFE*.

How many of you want to give a party? Jean Walden, who told you and Mother about such a jolly way of entertaining your friends, in the June number, has planned a whole series of parties. In this issue she tells you about an interesting Fourth of July "Treasure Hunt," and in August she will tell you how to give "A Circus Party."

Joie and John and their cousin, Georgina, are back again this month paying a second visit to "Hilltop Castle." Next month when they meet—but of course we simply can't give you another hint; we can only say that the mystery grows more and more exciting.

So many interesting stories are waiting to be published in *CHILD LIFE* that we just can't tell you about *all* of them. There's "Huckleberry Pies," and "The Teacher's Little Sister," by Ruth Gipson Plowhead; and there's "The Mermaid and the Sea Horse," by Florence Page Jaques, who has written you so many charming and amusing nursery stories. Then in October, you'll read "Leafing Day," a story about two young Revolutionary patriots by Janet Shaw. You will be glad to know, too, that David Newell, the well known artist-naturalist who conducted the "Wild Animal Contest," is planning a brand-new contest about animals and that it will begin in your August *CHILD LIFE*. Get ready to win one of the interesting prizes!

SON OF THE DESERT

[Continued from page 402]

off, very small in that great space, to find the tents of the grandfather he had never seen.

When he had walked a while across the trackless plain, which seemed half dust and half sand, he looked back at the city of Kairouan. It gleamed against the evening sky, crowned with the domes and minarets of the mosques, like a city in a dream. About its feet were many graveyards, for the Mohammedans count it a sacred city and believe that anyone who dies within its walls will go straight to Paradise. Many people come to die here. But Abdul Aziz set his face to the eastward and trudged on.

When the short twilight was already falling and he was beginning to fear that he might pass the tents in the darkness, he saw off to the left a group of low shapes that looked, in this great space, so small that in the dusk they might have been shadows or flat stones. But he knew them for the tents and with a great relief he hurried towards them.

Then he saw coming towards him in the failing light a tall, gaunt figure in white robes. As Abdul Aziz came closer he saw that the man was an old Bedouin with a high stern face like a hawk and piercing black eyes that seemed always to see further than the thing they were looking at. He was rather terrifying there in the darkening plain and the boy's heart skipped a beat. Yet he went forward and stood waiting respectfully for the old man to notice him.

"May Allah give you peace," said the man after an instant in a deep stern voice.

"May he shower blessings upon you!" answered the boy. Then he added, "Where do the Ouled ben Idress pitch their tents?"

There was a pause, and the boy could feel his heart pounding in the stillness. Then, "Why do you ask?" said the deep voice.

"Because Si Maroc is my grandfather."

The old man bent down suddenly and looked closely at him in the dusk. "Welcome then, son of Kadija," he said at last and his voice was kind, "for I am Maroc."

In a rush of thankfulness the boy went forward and kissed the robe of the old man in token of respect. He should have kissed his shoulder, but he was not tall enough for that. Then he stammered.

"But—but I have lost my mother!" And he poured out the whole story of their coming. When it was ended Maroc spoke again.

"I will send to the city to find her. Do not be afraid. Come!" And without another word he turned on his heel and stalked off towards a dark tent before which someone had now lighted a fire.

Abdul Aziz followed through the gathering darkness, which now seemed warm and friendly, towards the tiny star on the earth. He had come to his new home, and life stretched before him, a great and stirring adventure. His heart was at peace.

(Part II will appear in the August Child Life.)

A MOTHER GOOSE GAME

By PATTEN BEARD

Author of "The Jolly Book of Playcraft," "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft," "The Toyland Mother Goose," "The Bluebird's Garden," etc.

THIS game is played on the page of the magazine. Lay the magazine flat on a table with leaves folded under it to make a flat gameboard, on which the game is to be played with buttons.

The counter is a large button. If this counter falls right side up, in the box cover into which it is tossed, the player counts for a light section of the game-board; if counter falls wrong side up, it counts for a dark section of the game-board.

The players use small buttons for men, on which different colored threads are sewn at center to distinguish one button from the other. Any number up to four may play. Place each man in one of the *home* corners at the start.

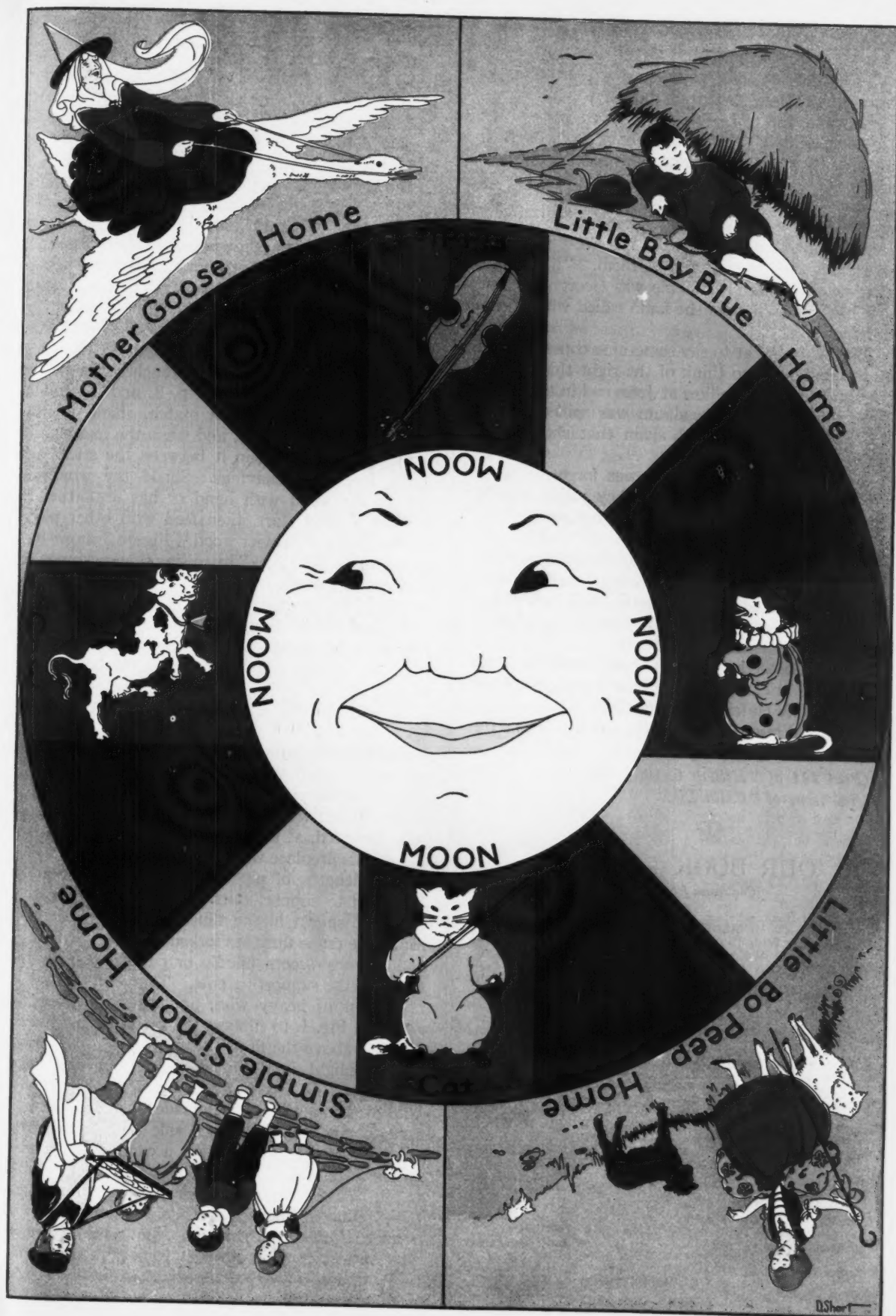
Each plays in turn. The counter is tossed for the order of play.

To enter the game, the counter must be tossed until it comes right side up. Then the player starts on the first light blank space to the right, and moves always to the right from his special home.

No player may move on to a black space, until he gets a dark count, that is, when his counter falls wrong side up. When once there he must stay on the black till he gets two light counts. He may then go on to the next square. This happens every time he reaches any dark space or figured space.

When, in finishing, he reaches the section, *cow*, if he gets a dark count in tossing his button counter instead of two successive light counts, he must then jump over the *moon* to the opposite side and go on from there, when he gets the two successive light counts.

The first player to reach his original *home*, touching the square he first played upon, and having completed the Mother Goose Circle, visiting each square in the circle, wins the game.



HILLTOP CASTLE

[Continued from page 412]

"Why did he come—so far away from the rest of his family?" John asked his mother.

"He and one of his brothers came West," Mrs. Harcourt said. "They had a fancy to 'seek their fortunes,' I suppose. His brother married out here and took his bride home East again, but Daddy liked the country and has lived somewhere on the Pacific Coast ever since."

"My mother used to live in the West when she was a little girl!" Georgina told them. "My daddy told me about it. Her name was Georgina, too—just like mine. I wish she hadn't died when I was so little!"

Joie felt he ought to say something consoling, but he couldn't seem to think of the right thing, so he merely threw a sofa pillow at John and in the scrimmage that followed the album was spilled on the floor and Georgina forgot again that she was an orphan.

Even the castle on the hill was forgotten when Mrs. Harcourt suggested that they might have a taffy pull in the kitchen instead of a pillow fight in the living room.

But next day, when the sun was shining invitingly, the children's thoughts naturally turned in that direction once more. The castle itself looked less forbidding as they climbed toward it along trails slippery with the recent rain.

Nevertheless, their hearts beat faster as they climbed the brick steps to the great iron barred front door and Joie clutched the knocker.

He rapped resoundingly on the oak panels and the three waited expectantly.

(Part III of "Hilltop Castle" will appear in the August issue of "Child Life.")



OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[Continued from page 427]

- The Make-It-Book** - - - R. T. Dixon and Marjorie Hartwell
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Making Things With Tools** - - - A. Neely Hall
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Marionettes, Masks and Shadows** - - - W. H. Mills and
L. M. Dunn
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
- Model Airplanes** - - - F. J. Camm
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Modern Aladdins and Their Magic** - - - C. E. Rush and
Amy Winslow
ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, BOSTON
- Out of Doors Club** - - - Samuel Scoville, Jr.
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- Piece Bag Book** - - - A. L. Blauvelt
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Playing With Clay** - - - Ida M. Wheeler
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Play-It-Book** - - - Jean Hosford Fretwell
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Weaving and Other Pleasant Occupations** - - - R. K. and
M. I. R. Polkinghorne
BRENTANO'S, NEW YORK
- When We Were Very Young** - - - A. A. Milne
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Wild Animal Pets** - - - William and Irene Finley
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- With Scissors and Paste** - - - Leila M. Wilhelm
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Young Decorators** - - - Nancy McClelland
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 418]

bed. Ask Mother to sew up a bed tick of unbleached muslin, three feet wide and five feet long, with one end left open. Straw is the best filling, but dried grass will do. After filling the tick, fasten the open end with safety pins.

The back-yard camp fire is used only for cooking; therefore it is small, and not dangerous. But scrape away the grass from the spot on which the fire is to be built, or place a piece of sheet iron upon the grass. Gather dry tree branches or shrubbery cuttings for starting your cooking fire, and allow yourself only two matches for lighting, which are twice as many as should be necessary. With your knife make a small pile of whittlings. Then inclose the pile with short pieces of branches placed wigwam fashion, as shown in Fig. 2, and all will be laid for lighting. Light a match, shield it from the wind with one hand, and when the match stick is burning brightly, slip it between the sticks and ignite the small shavings. Shield the windward side of the wood with hand or hat until the fire has got a good start, then feed with other pieces of branches and heavier wood. Figure 3 shows how to whittle a "fuzz stick" by raising shavings upon all surfaces of a stick. Such a stick is of great help in starting a fire in windy weather, as it kindles readily.

A second-class Boy Scout is required to know how to cook meat and potatoes without cooking utensils. Figure 4 shows the stick method of supporting a "wienie" over the fire. Select a green stick with forked end, and whittle sharp points upon the fork.

Build a fireplace, like that shown in Fig. 1, for the support of cooking utensils. Dig up grass sods to form a fire pit four inches wide at one end and twelve inches wide at the other end, and place the sods, inverted, at the sides of the pit. The narrow end of this fireplace will support a frying pan. Iron bars or lengths of pipe may be placed across the wide end to support pots and kettles, or a crane, like that shown in the illustration, may be used. Make the crane uprights forked, as shown in Fig. 5, and place a broom handle or curtain pole in the forks for the supporting pole. Then bend S-shaped hooks out of heavy wire, and interlock them, as shown in Fig. 1, to support the kettle at the desired distance above the fire.

A flashlight is handy in camp, but you must have a lantern for continuous lighting. The candle lantern shown in Fig. 6 is made of a tin can with a hole punched out of the side with a nail and screwdriver (Fig. 7) to admit a candle, and a wire handle attached.

The illustration shows how to set up a camp table, cupboard and box seats. Other ideas will occur to you. Try them out. And some day while you are in camp, sit down at your table and write to me about your camping experiences. I shall be glad to hear from you.

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

With Robert and Ruth in CERESOTA Land

Because of the interest shown by many of our readers in Advertising Land, Robert and Ruth will make a series of visits to the business homes of advertisers in Child Life.

JUST think what a giant miller it would be if all the millers in the world were rolled into one, and what a giant loaf of bread it would make if all the bread were made into one loaf," Robert said as he ate his fifth sandwich at Ruth's Birthday Party. "Then we'd all have to be giants to eat it, wouldn't we?" and Mother smiled as the children each took a last sandwich.

The party was a great success and after it was over Ruth said, "I'd like to see how they make the flour you use to make bread, Mother."

"Would you both like to go through the mill that makes the flour?" Mother asked.

"Yes, Mother, we would just love to. May we go soon?" they both replied.

"We'll go one day this week," Mother promised.

The first thing they saw at the mill was many carloads of wheat. "The crops are good,"

Mother said as Robert and Ruth marveled at the great amount of grain at the mill.

"Yes, Mother," Ruth said, "and that's because of the beautiful goddess Ceres who has charge of all the harvests. Each year she visits at harvest time and although nobody can see her, they all know their wonderful crops have come because of her." And Ruth told of the story she had read in school about Ceres, one of the Greek Goddesses

who was on earth thousands of years ago and became the Goddess of Harvest.

"That is my mother," someone said, and the children turned around to see who it was. There stood a little boy with a huge sombrero on his head, a pair of heavy boots on his feet, a loaf of bread under one arm and a bread knife in his hand.

"Don't we know him?" Robert asked.

"Of course you do; you have seen my picture many times," the boy answered. "I am Ceresota, the son of Ceres. I will be with you from time to time on your trip through the mill."

"Tell us—" Ruth began, but the boy had disappeared. Mother laughed at the bewildered look on Robert's face, but the miller had arrived to take them through and so they could talk no more just then about Ceresota Boy.

"Flour is made by what is called a gradual reduction process.

That means that one thing after another is taken away from the wheat until only the flour is left," the miller explained as they all went up in an elevator to the top of the mill. "The wheat you saw downstairs comes in cars from the country. By means of large Hopper Scales it is weighed accurately and then it is carried by elevators into storage bins. Then it goes through the first cleaning process."

(Continued on page 448)



YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.



HURRAY for the glorious Fourth of July, with all the noise and fun!

Bonny is all dressed up for the occasion—in such a cunning frock, made with a square, sleeveless yoke.

Her other two dresses are of gay-colored pongee, finished with quaint little gathers and pipings.

Are you going to celebrate the Fourth with new dresses?

Pattern No. 6121—4 sizes: 1, 2, 3, and 4 years.

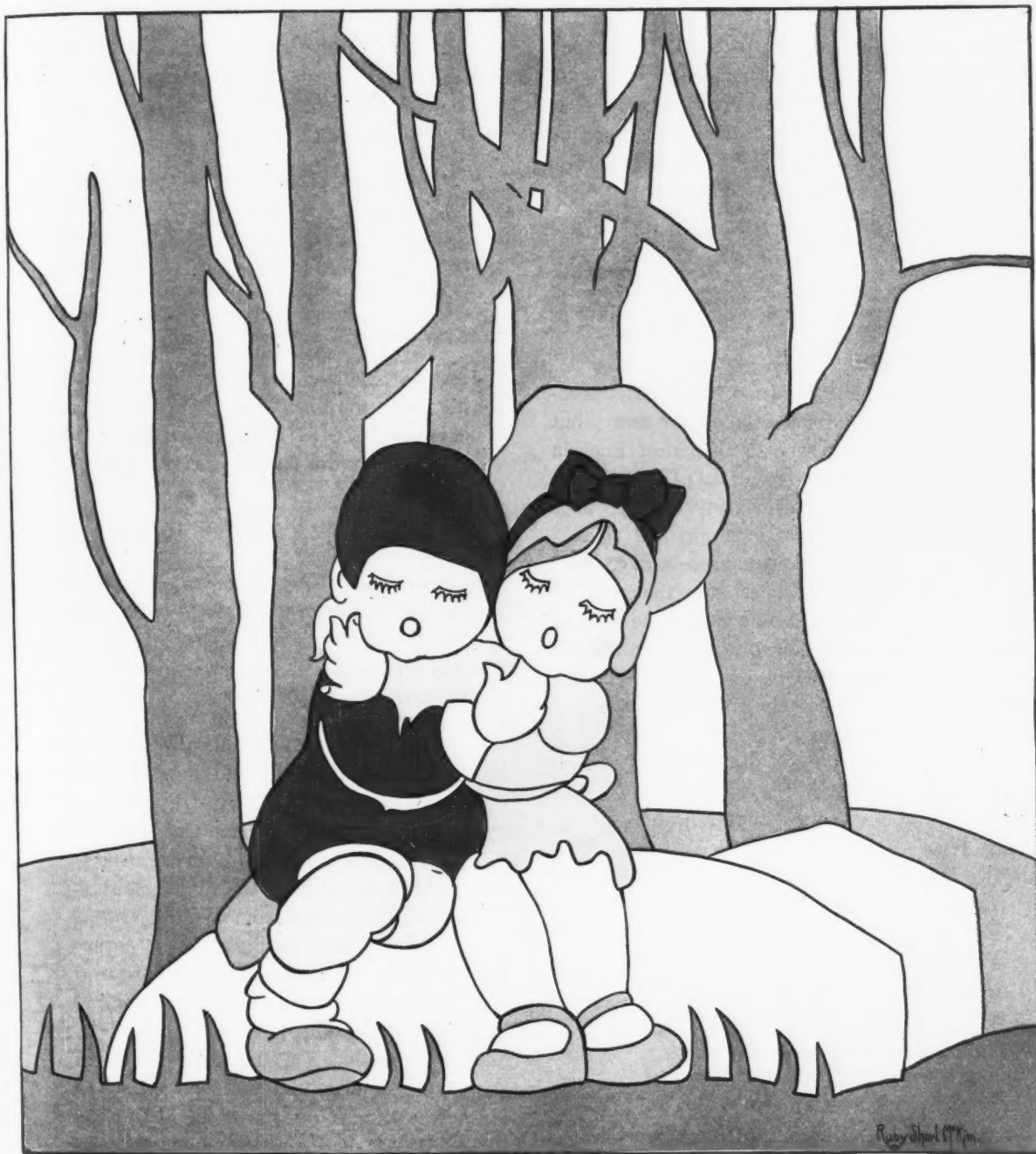
Pattern No. 6150—4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.

Pattern No. 5986—5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

STORYBOOK PEOPLE IN PAINT

By RUBY SHORT McKIM



BABES IN THE WOOD, No. 310

WOULDN'T you like a series of painted posters for your room, telling the stories of Jack and the Beanstalk, Red Riding Hood, and the Three Bears? And wouldn't you enjoy them more if you actually painted them yourself?

Any boy or girl large enough to use water colors can paint these. Waxed patterns are exact size to use, and tell you about the placing of each color. Second in the series is this picture of

Babes in the Wood. It comes on a wax pattern 18 by 20 inches. Ask Mother to help you transfer this to a piece of muslin or silk by pressing with a hot iron, and it is then ready to paint. It is necessary to use a special fabric paint that will not spread, and this can be dry-cleaned when done on muslin or safely washed when on silk.

(For complete directions, see page 447)

Waxed patterns may be purchased at 25 cents postpaid.

Painting set—three colors, a bottle of medium and a good brush—number 311—\$1.10 postpaid.

Please order from CHILD LIFE, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

CHILD LIFE INFORMATION BUREAU

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE GRIDLEY KNIGHT

IT IS very interesting that one of the first questions to reach Child Life Information Bureau should come from one of our mothers way off in Lithuania. It shows better than anything else could how wide the circle of CHILD LIFE'S influence extends. The letter and answer follow:

My son is much interested in nature study. I would much appreciate if you could inform me where he could get suitable literature, charts, and apparatus for mounting butterflies, insects, etc. At present he desires a book on taxidermy or the stuffing of birds, etc. He is only nine years old and he and his sister, seven years old, are ardent readers of CHILD LIFE.

Your letter has interested me particularly, probably because it has come from so far away, but especially because you write such perfect English. I am delighted to know that CHILD LIFE reaches you safely and thereby brings joy and greetings from a far country to your little girl and boy.

I am glad to know that your son is developing into a young naturalist. I feel sure that you do not let him kill birds and animals for the sake of stuffing them but teach him to love and protect his furred and feathered friends; but when misfortune befalls them or a pet dies, the young naturalist can try his skill at taxidermy.

It is strange that no book for young children on taxidermy is published. Harper & Brothers, New York, put one out in 1913, but it is now out of print. It was "Harper's Book for Young Naturalists" by A. Hyatt Verrill. I have tried to find one for you in the secondhand book shops but without success. A short and elementary treatment of the subject, but not written especially for children, is "Taxidermy," illustrated by Leon L. Pray, Macmillan, New York, 1923. This you may order direct from the publishers.

Directions for mounting butterflies are simple and appear in books on butterflies in general. "Butterflies Worth Knowing" by Clarence M. Weed, Little Nature Library, Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, 1925, is a splendid book on butterflies and devotes pages 49-53 to collecting. Mounting materials may be bought from Marshall Field & Company, Chicago. Order from the kindergarten department. They may also be purchased from any dealer in entomological supplies. The butterfly outfit includes net, cyanide jar, stretcher, specimen case, pins, etc.

The study of the stars is an ideal one for the whole family. Mean thoughts cannot occupy the mind that dwells on the beauties of the heavens. Another of our mothers writes:

In the evening, just below Pegasus in the Eastern sky—toward the south—rises a very large star or planet, and my children are very anxious to know its name. We enjoyed looking at Venus every evening, and, in fact, the family as a whole has enjoyed your star study very much. Now we are enjoying the rising of the Winter Stars.

Your "Star Study" has been a wonderful way for the children to become acquainted with the stars.

Jupiter is the large and beautiful planet you see a little to the south and east of Pegasus in the constellation of Pisces. It is remote from any bright star and by far the finest planetary object in the evening sky.

* * *

Florence Gridley Knight, who has charge of our Information Department, is a graduate of the University of Chicago and Director of a large research bureau. She has the training and experience to give you the right answers to your children's questions.

Mothers! May we help you answer the questions of your children? Boys and girls ask so many questions, mothers are often at their wits' end to answer them all and still have time for the many other things they must do. With the hope that we may help busy mothers, we are inaugurating the CHILD LIFE Information Bureau. Write us your children's questions that are of an educational nature and we will answer them. Please send them one at a time in a separate letter, addressed to the Bureau and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You will receive a response through the mail within a short time. A certain number of the most interesting questions we receive, together with their answers, will appear in this column each issue. In no case will the names of the parents be published in the magazine.

ADDRESS LETTERS TO

CHILD LIFE INFORMATION BUREAU
536 S. CLARK STREET
CHICAGO



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE FOURTH OF JULY PARADE

The music sounds, the people march
In a long and gay parade
In memory of ol' '75
That life-long freedom made.

The bugle sounds and whistles blow,
All is joy and mirth
As on they march, both young and old,
To honor freedom's birth.

The guns sound now; the Boy Scouts cheer
The flag upon the mast,
And people bow in reverence
In memory of the past.

FRANCES LOUISE TURMAN,
Willows, Calif.

Age 11.

THE CHESHIRE CAT

A smiling, satisfied Cheshire cat,
All day long on a bench he sat,
Grinning nobody knows what at.
Perhaps a donkey, an owl or bat,
But fun like his makes anyone fat.

DOROTHY GILMAN BUTT,
Norwich, Conn.

IN THE RAIN

When little raindrops patter down
Upon my roof so brown,
I like to look through my windowpane
And watch the flowers in the rain.

JANE ELIECE ECKLES,
Salina, Kan.



ALICE MAIN

Dear Miss Waldo:

My sister and I have taken my magazine three years. We can hardly wait for the copies to come. I thought maybe this picture of Alice and her doll family might please your many readers. The dolls' names are Wango, Joy, Teddy, Bernice and Tom. Tom is the baby and Joy is a "Child Life" doll named after the Joy Givers' Club. Mother earned her getting subscriptions for the magazine last Christmas.

I am a member of the Joy Givers' Club and I had my card framed.

ALFRED BURR MAIN,
Susquehanna, Pa.

Age 10.

HOW MY DOG PLAYS

Do you know what? Well, my Dad made me a toboggan slide, and one morning while we were eating breakfast we looked out the window to see my little dog, Peter, sitting on top of the slide. He got a little bit too near the edge and down he went on the slippery ice. Then he looked all around to see if anybody was watching and just as if he had liked it he ran up the steps and slid down again. Having done this three or four times, he trotted off. I think he liked it, don't you?

MARGARET ELLEN TAYLOR,
Montreal, Can.

Age 9.

JULY

I've always liked that summer month,
It is the very season
That school is out and I can romp,
And that is just the reason.

HERBERT TAYLOR,
Waverly Hall, Ga.

Age 9.

THE FLAG

With needle and with thread,
She sewed the stripes of red,
She made them fit just right,
Beside the stripes of white.
She made a square of blue,
Because good man or true,
She made the stars of white,
Because they give us light.

VIOLA BASTIAN,
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Age 10.



Make the Harmonica YOUR "Musical Pal"

MILLIONS of girls and boys have found the harmonica a most delightful "pal" for their hours of leisure—and have discovered that it greatly increases their popularity among their friends.

It is so easy to play this instrument that in a short time *anyone* can render correctly not only the beloved melodies of school and camp, but also the latest popular songs fresh from Broadway.

Unless you can play the harmonica, you are just not "keeping up with the times." *Today is the day to get started!* In a short time you will play as well as the next "fellow."

Send now for the free instruction book offered below. You will be amazed and delighted at the ease with which you can master the simple fundamentals and the quickness with which you will be ready to play favorite selections.

If you have already acquired the "knack" of playing, carry your accomplishment further by learning to perform on the famous "Chromonica." This is the only harmonica which includes the half-tones, and thus enables you to play any and every selection in any scale.

Ask your teacher, club leader or Scout-Master to help you start a harmonica band. Tell them to write us for our special brochure, giving full directions for this work. This is sent only to adults in authority.

M. HOHNER, Inc., 114 East 16th St.
Dept. 540-G
New York



Grand Prize Awarded
HOHNER HARMONICAS
At Sesqui-Centennial
Exposition, 1926

FREE
INSTRUCTION
book, fully illustrated.
Use the coupon to ask
for it.



M. HOHNER, Inc.
114 E. 16th St., Dept. 540-G, New York
Please send free Instruction Book

Name.....
Address.....

Dear Miss Waldo:

I had a little Shetland pony and her name was May. We used to ride her a lot but she was so fat she would hardly fit in the buggy. I got her as a prize during a booster week in our town.



ROBERTA BEATY

We kept her in the orchard near our house in the summer. All she would eat was grass unless she could find an apple. She would eat it right out of my hand. She would eat sugar and salt out of my hand, too.

ROBERTA BEATY,
Arlington Heights, Ill.

CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Request for letters from other children must be accompanied by the written consent of parent or guardian. Lack of space prevents our using more names and addresses each month.

Anne Morrissey, 713 Clay St., Topeka Kans., age 12.

Mabel Gunther, 410 Eighth St., International Falls, Minn., age 12.

Josephine A. Elliott, 99 Chenney St. Roseville, Ohio, age 13.

Mary E. Wohlsen, 42 Parkside Ave. Lancaster, Pa., age 11.

Arvilla Butler, 7706 Connecticut Ave. Cleveland, Ohio, age 11.

Maxine Howard, Newport, Ore., Box 606., Frances M. Piper, Box 344, Chula Vista, Calif., age 13.

Hazel Tomlinson, 2301 E. Fifth Ave., Knoxville, Tenn., age 14

Jean Limerdof, R.F.D. No. 3, Lakewood, N. J.,

Sylvia Vinopal, 15538 Madison Ave., Lakewood, Ohio, age 15.

Florence Louise Lythgoe, 22 Sharpless Ave., Boothwyn, Pa., age 11.

Velma Reichert, 410 E. First St., Port Clinton, Ohio, age 12½.

Florence Leaning, 111 High St., Clark's Summit, Pa., age 10.

Ruth Likely, 34 Seely St., St. John, N. B., Canada, age 12.

Mary C. Craycroft, 1135 Conner St., Noblesville, Ind.

June Stinson, 8 Rusholme Pk., Crescent, Toronto (3), Can., age 9.

Virginia Kost, 679 W. Grove St., Galesburg, Ill., age 13.

THE GHOST IN THE SKY

There's something strange
In the sky,
Hurrying, hurrying by
Like a snow-white ghost
Pushing, pushing
Through the boundless blue
At evening.
This something strange
Turns pink,
As the sun sinks
Into the night.
Then the cloud ghost
Is lost
In the darkness
That it loves most.

BERTHA MAE KRUGER,
Written at age of 9. Wichita Falls, Tex.

MY KITTEN

I have a little kitten,
He likes to run and play.
He has four white mittens,
And goes out every day.

DOROTHY H. PLUMMER,
Age 9½ Wollaston, Mass.

MOTHER

Mother is sweet, noble, and true,
And with her whole heart she loves you.
When she asks you can't say no,
Because you know she loves you so.

RUTH BOWER
Age 11.



MARGARET PETERSON

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Tacoma, Washington. I guess the Easterners would call it "Out West," and I suppose it is.

From our yard we can see the Olympic Mountains, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Adams and Mt. Rainier.

Mt. Rainier is visible almost every day. It is the highest peak in the United States. Mt. Rainier has many interesting Indian legends.

Our house is near a woods of evergreen and alder trees. Honeysuckle twines among them and paint brush and violets grow at their foot.

There now! That's enough about where I live.

I would like to know about the wonderful city of Chicago. I have read a great deal about it in my geography.

I like the stories and poems the children write for Joy Givers.

Here is a picture of me and brother.

MARGARET PETERSON,
Age 11. Tacoma, Wash.

MITCHELL

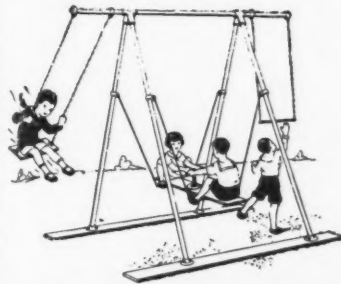
BACKYARD PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT

SLIDES
SWINGS
SEE-SAWS
ROCK-A-BYS
SWING-BOBS
GIANT STRIDES
COMBINATION GYMS
KINDERGARTEN OUTFITS



Mitchell Kiddie Slide

Keep your child "safe" at home with a Mitchell Kiddie Slide. It is very popular with small children and tots of 2 years can play on it with utmost safety. It requires little space and can be used indoors or outdoors. Will last many years. Made in three sizes for children from 2 to 12 years of age.



Junior Swing Bob H-2

A Junior Swing-Bob should be in the back yard of every family with growing children. Children enjoy this device and it provides a safe place for them to play. All moving parts are so constructed that there is no danger of accidental injury. Can be easily dismantled for moving or storage and is sturdily built of steel and malleable iron. Attractively painted in green, red and gray.

MITCHELL MFG. CO.
1617 Forest Home Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
Please send me your Playground Booklet.

Name
Street
City State

Dear Miss Waldo:

During Easter vacation, we went to Palm Springs, a popular desert resort about eighty-four miles from here. It was quite warm there but much hotter in the summer. It is just a small place with a population of about two hundred. We went up into Palm Springs Canyon which is about five miles from the town. There is a small river in the canyon and we had our pictures taken, one of which, I'm sending you.

Well, I must close now. Lovingly,

JOSEPHINE CAMPBELL,
Pomona, Calif.

Age 11.



BETTY MARIE RAGSDALE

THE STORY OF FIVE LITTLE RABBITS AND HOW THEY GREW

One morning about two weeks ago my dog Skippy came to me. He had something in his mouth. At first I thought it was a chipmunk, but it was a baby rabbit. We took it away from him and put it in a box with some cotton. After a while Skippy came with another. I was very excited at this. So we followed Skippy until he went over the bank to a hole. It was the nest. There we found three more baby rabbits.

We carried them to the house and put them in the box with the other two. I put them back in the nest that night and hoped that the mother would come to hunt for them, but she did not, because they were alone the next morning.

I took them back in the house. They were too small to eat alone, so we had to feed them a little milk with an eye-dropper. It was so nice to feel their soft fur in your hand, but it was like catching a frog. They slid right out of my hands. It took me one hour each time they were fed. After a week, I saw that they could eat. So I went out and picked some clover. They seemed to enjoy it.

I was going to camp, so I had to leave them. Some one took care of them for me. I was away for a week and when I came back I found they had grown very much. They could eat by themselves, so I put them out in a little house with a wire netting in front. They like it very much. I am going to let them go as soon as they can take care of themselves.

BETTY ROSS KNIGHT,
Perrysburg, Ohio

Age 9½



THE "SUNBATH" SUIT

Here's the way the
game's begun,
Draw a circle—that's
the Sun—

'Round the Sun in
different ways
Draw some lines and
you'll have rays.

'Neath the Sun a tot
so cute,
Put on him The
"SUNBATH" SUIT.

It will make no
difference where,
'Cause the Sun will
do its share.

And the Sun as we
all know
Makes Tots healthy
—makes them grow!

Sizes two—four and six—
In suitable colors—
Packed in glassine en-
velopes—

Price \$1.65.

If your children want an un-
usual picture of Snookums,
the little Moving Picture and
Comic Section Star, wearing
The "SUNBATH" SUIT we
will send one upon request.

Your local store carries
The "SUNBATH" SUIT,
if not write direct to

CLIMAX BATHING SUIT CO.

3rd and WESTMORELAND STS.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Dept. C.



Natural sun-baths are best...

THE INCREASED importance of sun-baths in child health has caused a number of artificial "violet ray" lamps to be produced. But ask *your* doctor and he will probably say that the natural rays of the sun are best.

Clad in a Jantzen Sun-suit for outdoor play, your child benefits from both sunshine and fresh air. Being of tightly knitted wool, a Jantzen Sun-suit absorbs normal perspiration; guards your child against changing temperatures and colds.

It is, in reality, a Jantzen swimming suit, but with neck, armholes and trunks cut away to permit a maximum exposure of skin surface to the sun's rays. It was designed under the supervision of a noted child specialist.

Its extreme elasticity, due to flexible Jantzen-stitch, provides for the growth of your child. You will find it a saving in vacation clothes and in laundering trouble as well. See the new models now on display at leading stores, or write us for booklet. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen

Sun-suit

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAIL US THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

Name _____

Address _____

THE OLD APPLE TREE

I love to sit and dream
High in the old apple tree,
And hear the laughing stream,
And listen to the bee.

I love to watch the blossoms fall
Gently to the ground
And hear the baby robins squall,
And smell the perfume all around.

JANE STILLMAN,
New York City.

Age 11.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FIR TREE

"What a rare piece of carving!" exclaimed one of Mr. Tat's customers. Mr. Tat was a little old gentleman who delighted in finding odd bits of carving for his quaint shop. The receptacle that Mrs. Lane had observed was a valuable jewel box, exquisitely carved. Mr. Tat had brought it from Europe on his last trip abroad. It was one of his dearest treasures, and he was loath to part with it. After much hesitation, however, he sold the box to Mrs. Lane.

That night, after Mrs. Lane had laid the jewel box on the mantelpiece, she sat down to knit. Hardly had she done so when she heard a little squeak. It became louder and louder until she could distinguish a voice saying, "I wonder if you would like to hear about my life." It was coming from the jewel box.

Could the jewel box be speaking? Yes, it was. Before Mrs. Lane had a chance to answer, the box began: "I was once a happy fir tree, with my brothers and sisters in a Spanish forest. I can remember as far back as when I was hardly able to peep through the ground. The first thing I observed was the blue sky. Before long I became acquainted with birds of brilliant plumage and the dearest little insects. Many a time I was trampled on by wild animals, only to spring back into place again.

"One day two woodcutters came to where I stood and used their axes on me. After a long, jolting ride, I arrived at a large river, where the men rolled me from the wagon and sent me floating downstream with many other logs. Left in an inlet to season for a few weeks, I was finally raised to the embankment and dried by the heat of the sun. Then I was taken to a mill and stripped of my bark. Next I was carried to a shipping yard, and was used as the mast on a ship called the "Santa Maria."

"My first trip was with Christopher Columbus on his exploration voyage to America. Centuries later, souvenir seekers hunted me out from a pile of other decayed woods and my solid parts were chopped into material for cabinet makers. I was made into curios, and I have even graced museums and palaces, while my more battered parts were used by the poor to give them warmth.

"The gifted fingers of a Swiss boy wrought the part you now see of me into the artistic, as well as historical, piece of wood-carving that now holds and safeguards your precious jewels." With these last words, the jewel box was silent.

In amazement, Mrs. Lane turned again to her knitting and marveled at the experiences and usages of earthly material.

MARY A. HANDRAHAN,
Brockton, Mass.

Written at age of 11½.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I think the best story I have read in my magazine is "Roger at the Helm."
I have a little brother who is over a year old, and he is fat and hearty. We have good times playing together.

Miss Ida Given is my teacher.

Your friend,
DONALD H. LOUGH,
Morgantown, W. Va.

Age 8.



Dear Miss Waldo:

My little great-grandmother and Aunt Ora Bryant sent me my magazine for Christmas and it has been the loveliest gift, for it is like a visit from Santa every month. I love the stories and poems in it, and even the advertisements. I am only four and a half years old, but I have learned many of the verses by heart just from hearing Mother and Daddy read them over and over to me. I love to say "Jack Frost, Jack Frost dancing through the air" and the "Three Little Witches" better than any, I think, although I like to hear the "Right-About Rhymes" and "Chip's Chums" many, many times, too.

Mother says she is sure that she has read "The Surprise Pie," "The Smoke Man" and the "First Jack-o-Lantern" forty million times, but I never tire of hearing them. So we have at least two of them every night for bedtime stories.



The puzzles interest me so much, too, and I spend many happy hours coloring them with my crayons. If "Child Life" pleases other little boys and girls as much as it does me, I know there must be many, many happy children everywhere, who love the magazine.

Most sincerely,
MARION E. BAILEY,
Buffalo, N. Y.



SUNSHINE BATHS BRING HEALTH and Strength to Children

No matter whether your child is strong and healthy or weak and ailing, he will derive great benefit from 15 minutes daily in the "Sunshine" of a

CARBORAY ARC LAMP

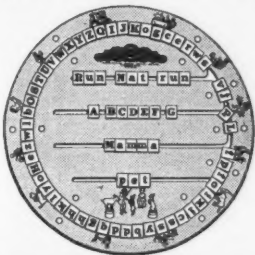
A new and better ultra-violet ray lamp. A wonderful health builder for men, women and children. Quickly drives away aches and pains and overcomes diseases. Particularly helpful for children. Improves blood circulation. Gives added strength and vigor to all parts of the body. Ideal for use in doctor's office, hospital and home.

If children could be kept outdoors in fresh air and sunshine every day they would seldom be sick. Bring sunshine to them in the form of Carbo-rays. With a CARBORAY ARC LAMP, daily sunshine treatments can be given. Takes but a few minutes. Amazing results in a few weeks time. Every parent should know all the facts about Carbo-rays. (Agents wanted.)

Write for **FREE FOLDER**

Cincinnati Automatic Machine Co., Dept. 19, Cincinnati, O.

TEACH THEM AT HOME



The Master Spelling Board

A great Child-Specialist's idea of a perfect Educational Board, combining every desired feature of a Reader-Speller-Counter Board. The "Master" playing for pre-school and older children. Diameter 14 1/2 inches; double-sided solid fibre; no metal to injure child. Two small and one capital letter sets on one side; numerals and counting set on other. Every child wants one. Ask your dealer, or send us \$2.00; we will ship postpaid. Descriptive matter sent on request.

THE H. G. CRESS CO.
221 W. Water St. TROY, OHIO



MODERN MOTHERS APPROVE!

Progressive mothers everywhere have acclaimed the Jack and Jill Time Utilizer as a unique and ingenious method indispensable for the proper training of children. Facilitates and instigates. Incubates in the child's mind the importance of utilizing spare time for useful purposes.

The Jack and Jill Time Utilizer Outfit consists of an 18 x 24 inch Home Bulletin and full instructions with instructions and suggestions how to apply this plan. All sent postpaid for \$1.00. Special decorated Jack and Jill Duty board in 4 colors sent postpaid for \$2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The Jack & Jill Time Utilizer Co.
265 5th Ave. Dept. 101 New York.



MIKE

I have a collie,
His name is Mike.
He is so fine and jolly,
You never saw the like.

He wears a coat of gold
And an ermine ruff,
He's very brave and bold,
And his bark isn't bluff.

He guards the house,
And watches the yard,
I'll tell the world,
Mike's my pard.

MARGARET SPEIR,
Tacoma Park, Md.

Age 12.



CLARKE BYRD

MY GRANDPA

My grandpa is a nice old man,
His name is "Grandpa Green,"
And of all the grandpas on the earth,
He's the nicest I have seen.

His hair is gray,
And his eyes are blue.
Those are nice colors, I think,
Don't you?

Every Thanksgiving
Before our door,
There's something to thank
Grandpa for.

He tells us stories of when
He was a boy,
That he used to play
With his only toy.

His only toy was a horse and wagon,
And he'd always pretend that he was
a dragon.

Whenever you see him,
He's jolly and gay,
And singing a song all the livelong day

JANET GREENBERG,
New York City

Age 12.



Every child wants a LINDY PLANE



Or for a chance to ride the Lindy Plane—to sit behind wings and a whirling propeller! Just like Lindy! Thrilling, fascinating—and the finest kind of physical exercise.

Every boy and girl from two to eight years will love to play make-believe flyer with our new velocipede. Not only is the Lindy Plane an attractive and unique automotive vehicle, but one of the most practical ever devised. Tiny youngsters can operate it with ease; it turns at every angle, and runs backward as smoothly as forward. It has a steering control of automotive type, bi-plane wing construction, an engine hood and a propeller to spin with the breeze.

If you want to give your children a real summer pastime—a healthful as well as jolly sport, then buy them a Lindy Plane. This substantially built toy is reasonable in price—only \$6.75 east of the Rockies—\$7.50 west of the Rockies.

Your dealer may not yet have stocked the new Lindy Plane; so fill out the coupon, attach money and mail direct to us. Orders filled promptly. Now let the little ones have a roaring good time this summer!

Minnesota Toy Manufacturing Co.
2200 Charles St. St. Paul, Minn.

USE THIS COUPON FOR YOUR ORDER

MINNESOTA TOY MANUFACTURING CO.
2200 Charles St., St. Paul, Minn.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing \$..... for which please send me..... of your Lindy Planes. Price \$6.75 east of the Rockies—\$7.50 west of the Rockies. Size..... years.

Name.....
Address.....

Airplane Swing

Kiddies Go Wild Over Flying Fun

Here's a plane they can really ride—no make-believe—and it rides like a real plane. Three places to sit or stand—plenty of places to hold on.

Four Point Suspension—Can't Tip
Safe and sturdy. Brilliant red body 4 feet long. Natural wood wings, pilot seat and handle.

Packed Flat. Set Up in Ten Minutes
Hang it on the porch, in the attic, basement, under a tree, or wherever children play.

Keep Youngsters Home—Off the Street
You'll know where they are when they have an Airplane Swing.

If your dealer can't supply you,
we'll send you
one on receipt of **\$3.75**

Hunt-Helm-Ferris & Co., Inc.
350 W. Front St., HARVARD, ILLINOIS



All the
Thrills of
Flying
None of
the Risks

RIGHT
AFTER
LINDY

A Juvenile STYLE BOOK for Mothers



An Interesting Story for the Kiddies

THEIR Shopping Adventures" is an interesting and informative little booklet that is sent, together with a swatch of Babette large enough for a silk handkerchief, in return for the attached coupon and ten cents.

ALWAYS look for the Babette label in silken juvenile apparel. It signifies that the garment bearing it is made from a pure, guaranteed washable silk—ideal for infants' and children's wear.



CAPITOL SILK CORPORATION
171 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing herewith ten cents. Kindly send me "Their Shopping Adventures" and a swatch of Babette.

Name

Address

City and State

I buy most of my children's things at

Name of Dealer

Dealer's Address

THE ADVENTURES OF YELLOW BILL

Yellow Bill was a canary about as large as a sparrow. He was bright yellow, with a little black on his wings.

He hung on a hook in a cage in a little bird store. He was very lonely there, because he had nothing to do. Many a time he wished to have a master or mistress and live in a home.

One evening as Yellow Bill dozed off to sleep he heard a little girl's voice say, "Look, Mother, isn't he cute?" and Yellow Bill opened his eyes to see a little girl pointing to him. Again the child said, "Buy him for me, please, Daddy," and she pulled on his coat, her blue eyes shining. There was no doubting, for Daddy handed the storekeeper some money and took down Yellow Bill's cage. Yellow Bill was very happy. Home they went, little Jude carrying the cage.

The next few weeks were spent in the acquaintance of Jude and many other children. Many happy times had Yellow Bill, watching his little mistress having tea parties and games with other girls. He could see them from his cage on the front porch very easily.

One day Jude waved good-bye to some friends and came over to Yellow Bill's cage and said, "I love you, little canary, and I hope you will never run away." Then Jude's mother called her to dinner. Jude ran in the house with the cage and hung it in the kitchen.

That night Jude went to bed after saying her prayers, kissing Mother and Daddy goodnight, and kissing her hand to the canary as usual.

About nine o'clock in the morning Yellow Bill awoke and found himself in a schoolroom. Miss Ann stood in front of the class with her hand on a boy's shoulder. "Attention, Class," she said. "Look over by the window and see the lovely canary Peter brought us."

Yellow Bill did not like the schoolroom at all, for in there to him it was lonelier than the bird store—nothing but seats and desks and books and seats and desks and books. He felt very unhappy there. But the mystery was, how did he get there? That night he tried to get away. Finally he did get out and flew out of the window. It was very dark outside but he thought it was better than the schoolroom. He then settled in a tree to spend the rest of the night.

Meanwhile Jude lay in her bed, crying as if her heart would break. Mother and Daddy were at her side. They tried with all their might to comfort Jude, but it seemed in vain. At last Daddy said, "Don't cry, Jude, and Daddy will buy you another bird." But that did not help, for Jude only said, "No bird could take the place of my Yellow Bill, *never*," and she began to cry again.

Jude still felt bad, but I must tell you more about Yellow Bill. He was trying to pull up a worm from the ground, but he could not. Just then, at the corner where Yellow Bill turned, he came face to face with a great big tomcat. He was very frightened. Then a little girl chased the cat away but Yellow Bill still shivered.

He flew on and on, and on and on. It seemed that he would never see little Jude again. He then came to a house and flew to the gutter of it. He was almost asleep when he thought he heard Jude say, "Daddy, I don't suppose I will ever see my dear little bird again." When Yellow Bill heard this he flew down, and it was Jude. He was very happy and so was Jude. Yellow Bill nestled close to her. "After this," she said, "your cage will be in my room at night."

Everybody was happy and Jude had a party to celebrate the homecoming of our hero, Yellow Bill.

Age 11.

RUTH BOWER,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I like to see the other children's drawings and hope they may get some pleasure from mine. It will make me very happy if you can find space for one or both of them.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT MOORE,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Age 10.



By ROBERT MOORE

Age 10.

MY TRIP TO PAINT ROCK

One day some of my friends came from Jackson, Tennessee to see me. We had planned a trip to Paint Rock. We started about six o'clock in the morning and crossed the Tennessee River. We got there about 11.30.

Paint Rock is a rock that has different colors, and it is about fifty feet high with trees and wild flowers of all kinds on it. You have to nearly crawl to get up it. There are caves also in it. A road goes around it and an ice cold spring is on the other side. It is about 150 feet straight down to Duck River. We passed a rock on the opposite side of Paint Rock, with vines running all over it. We went to the spring and built a fire and cooked our dinner.

One of the girls and I waded in the stream and Frances (the girl who waded with me) found a rock the shape of a heart. We ate dinner and started to climb Paint Rock, but did not get half way up because we had to come down and go home.

NORMA MARIE BILLINGTON,
Baucton, Tenn.

Age 10.



By ROBERT MOORE

Age 10.

IN JULY

In July I go sailing
In a boat that needs bailing.

MILTON DELAND
Boston, Mass.

Age 7

STORYBOOK PEOPLE IN PAINT

By RUBY SHORT McKIM

BABES IN THE WOODS

In painting the series of posters, the second of which is shown on page 439, it is necessary to use a special fabric paint that will not spread. This can be dry-cleaned when done on muslin or safely washed when on silk.

None of the posters call for more than the three primary colors, yellow, red, and blue, and *Babes in the Woods*, is done mostly in light and dark blue. The sky and ground are dark, while the trees and the boy's rompers are light blue. Her frock, bonnet and stockings are white, as is the mound upon which they sit. The ground beyond this is yellow and their hair is the same golden color. The rose color is bright on her ribbons and his socks, and thinned to a flesh pink for their faces and hands. A color chart very plainly marked goes with each pattern so that you could easily follow directions. Do not try to follow the colors in the illustration on page 439.

If you use this for a poster you can bind the edges with blue gingham. It would also be lovely as the center of a crib quilt, or to use on curtains. As there will be six of these, you may want to wait and set them together to make a beautiful full-sized quilt.

Wax crayons can be used instead of paints to do these posters and pleasing effects obtained with them. They would not wash that way, however. If you cannot order the patterns you may enjoy coloring these pages right in CHILD LIFE.

CHICKENS

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," said Mrs. Hen, "I've laid an egg in the chicken pen. It's the prettiest, glossiest, shiniest egg—It's as even as glass and as brown as nutmeg.

"Cock-a-doodle-do," said Mr. Cock, "I'm standing here on this very high rock. I can see all over the chicken pen, And that's better than laying an egg, Mrs. Hen."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the baby chicks, "We're lying in a nest of straw and sticks. We're hungry as can be, oh, Mother hen—Please bring us some worms from the chicken pen."

EMY LOU HELD,
Columbus, Ohio

Age 11.



Make Sonny Happy with a "Son-ny" Dump Truck

FROM the minute Sonny receives his "Son-ny" Dump Truck—smart, brilliant in its orange and black baked enamel finish—he'll be busily hauling stones and gravel, making roads, happy hour after hour.

Though moderate in price, the "Son-ny" Dump Truck is the equivalent of much higher priced trucks in strength, size and appearance. It's the ideal toy for healthful play—indoors and out.

Your dealer has a complete line of "Son-ny" Wagons and Trucks, or can easily order for you.

THE DAYTON TOY AND SPECIALTY CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

ALSO MAKERS OF DAYTON WHEELBARROWS AND WAGONS

Can You Use More Money?

THE CHILD LIFE MERCHANDISING DIVISION is in a unique position to help a few ambitious mothers to secure additional luxuries the feminine heart desires—to give to their children advantages they would otherwise forego, to earn the automobile they dream of—by devoting spare hours to unusually interesting work for some of the manufacturers who advertise in CHILD LIFE.

Just fill out the coupon below—

We will do the rest

Sales experience is not necessary—only the ability to meet people in a friendly way.

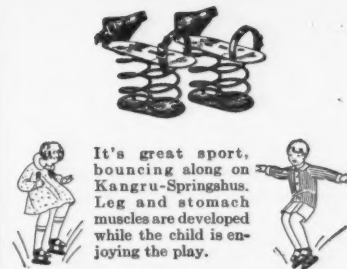
E. EVALYN GRUMBINE
Advertising Manager, CHILD LIFE

Merchandising Division, CHILD LIFE
536 South Clark Street
Chicago, Illinois

I am interested in your plan by which I may turn my spare time into dollars. Tell me about it.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

Like Walking on Air!



It's great sport, bouncing along on Kangru-Springshus. Leg and stomach muscles are developed while the child is enjoying the play.

KANGRU-SPRINGSHU
BETTER THAN JUMPING ON THE BED

Children from 4 to 12 quickly learn to walk, run, jump and dance on Kangru-Springshus. All the thrills of jumping on the bed for the tiny tot—and of course, perfectly safe—Doctors buy them for their children as well as recommend them.

Kangru-Springshus can be used indoors or out—on the walk or in the yard.

\$3 a Pair

Add 50c West of the Rockies

Go to your DEALER
If he can't supply you—SEND COUPON

LITTLEFIELD MFG. CO.
704 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Illinois

P. O. Money Order
Enclosed is Express Money Order for \$.....
Please send..... pairs Rubber Sole Kangru-Springshus with the understanding that this money will be refunded if not satisfactory.

Name..... Age.....
Address..... Weight.....
City..... State.....

DOGS

It's great fun to brush your dog with

Dog Brushes
and keep his coat Clean & Glossy

CHILDREN write and tell us that their dogs like to be brushed so well that pups and big fellows run to where the brushes are kept and bark to be brushed. It's fun to brush your pet and see how good he feels after you have finished, and his hair will shine and glisten like a new fur coat. But best of all, dog doctors say that brushing keeps a dog clean and healthy.

If your dog has short hair send \$1.00 for two special brushes, with 15 cents extra for postage west of the Miss. and in Canada. And if he has long hair two special brushes at \$2.00, with 23 cents extra for postage west of the Miss. and in Canada. State breed of dog. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

L. S. WATSON MFG. CO.
 103 Main St. Leicester, Mass.
 Write for FREE Booklet



PEKINGESE

Write at once for descriptions and pictures from the largest and best appointed kennels in the world.

\$25 up

MRS. MABEL A. BAXTER
 Telephone 418
 Great Neck, L. I.

SNOW WHITE ESQUIMO PUPPIES

Most perfect child's pal and playfellow. Always full of pep and will play from morning till night. A natural child's dog. We also breed Chow, Fox Terriers both smooth and wire haired and Irish Terriers. Collies can furnish most any breed. 10c for descriptive illustrated catalogue covering care and feeding of puppies, their most common diseases and treatment. We ship on approval, guarantee safe delivery and satisfaction. Prices most reasonable.

Baldwin BROCKWAYS KENNELS Kansas

HUGHES' DOG & CAT SHAMPOO

is highly recommended, contains no acid or coal tar products, will not irritate the membrane or cause the eye to smart. Send \$1.00 for can which contains from 25 to 35 applications.

Experience teaches that it can be used with excellent results for shampooing the human hair.

Laboratory Dept.

FRED T. HUGHES CO.
 1466 W. 28th Street Los Angeles, Cal.

Hannaford Police Dog Kennels

100 Police puppies. To register. Strongheart Bloodlines. All colors. Females \$15.00, males \$25.00. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval.

THOMAS H. DAILEY - Hannaford, N. Dakota

THE CHILD LIFE DOG DEPARTMENT

If you would like to own a friendly dog we will be glad to answer any questions about them. We will tell you what dogs make the best companions, about how much they cost, and, if you like, we will recommend the best kennels near your home for your convenience.

Just write to:

CHILD LIFE Dog Department,
 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.
 I may buy a dog. Tell your advertisers to write to me.
 I prefer a grown dog ☐ A puppy ☐
 We have.....children in our home. Ages.....
 Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....State.....

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 437)

"What kind of a machine does that?" Robert asked.

"It has a number of metal sieves with holes just large enough for the kernel of wheat to pass through. Then the oats, straw and other impurities larger than the kernel of wheat are separated," the miller answered, "and the last sieve has holes smaller than the wheat through which mustard seeds and anything smaller than the kernel of wheat pass."

"Do you throw away everything but the wheat?" Ruth wanted to know.

"No, indeed," the miller replied, "it is sold to different manufacturers. For example the mustard seed is sold to pickling concerns or institutions which manufacture it into oil. After this first cleaning process, the wheat goes to the Wheat Scourer."

"What's that?" Robert asked.

"You know what it is to scour pans, don't you? This process scours the wheat. The machine is in the form of an upright cylinder with large beaters in the center. The wheat falls down the center, is struck by the beaters and thrown against the outer case. After revolving a number of times it is passed out through the bottom of the cylinder. While falling, a strong current of air is passed upwards which carries off the dust."

"I'm going to tell you what happens after the wheat passes through the cleaning system," said Ceresota Boy who had suddenly appeared beside them. "It goes on to the first set of steel rolls with ridges cut in them and this is called the first reduction. Then it goes to a scalping machine covered with coarse wire, and

(Continued in next column)

DOES YOUR YOUNGSTER COLLECT STAMPS?

Most of them do, at some time or other. It can be a fascinating, instructive hobby, and a source of true enjoyment through life. Or it can be a waste of time. This depends somewhat on the parent. We like to think that what we sell serves a useful purpose. Let us send you FREE of charge our illustrated book, The Beginning Stamp Collector, a guide of proved usefulness.

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO.
 1 West 47th Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.
 Philatelic Headquarters since 1860

2 TOYS For 2 CHILDREN \$7.50

For the Price of One
 Delivered anywhere for only \$7.50 Delivered
 TEETER-ROUND—8 feet combination Merry-Go-Round and Teeter. Extra strong; will hold 400 lbs. Built on principle of a bridge. Will last years with hardest use. Keep children safe and happy in yard at home. Order to-day—no transportation charges to pay. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY or money refunded.
ROBT. W. JAMISON MFG. CO., Dept. A
 4600 So. Figueroa St. Los Angeles, Calif.

SAFETY FOR PICTURES
 Wires never slip from the hook of
Moore Push-Pin Hangers
 (The Hanger with the Twist)
 Send for free samples
 10c Pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia
 Manufacturers of Moore Push-Pins

what remains of the wheat passes over the ends of the scalper and goes to the second reduction rolls, which are similar to the first."

"What does the reduction roll do to the wheat?" Ruth wanted to know as they watched the big machines.

"It grinds the wheat," Ceresota Boy answered. "This process is repeated five times and after the fifth reduction or grinding, all that is left of the wheat is the bran."

"What happens to all the material taken out in these grindings?" Robert asked.

"It is all purified, which means that it is divided into various grades according to size. Then it is ground again until all of this material called Middlings has been reduced to flour."

"To think that all these things have to be done before Mother can get the flour to make our bread!" Ruth cried. "And that's where we have seen him," Robert said pointing to a pile of flour sacks each one of which had Ceresota's picture on it.

Angeline is Recaptured by the Indians and



Rescued by Book-Elf and His Friends

EVERYTHING in Storyland had been quiet since Book-Elf had helped Jack Who Jumped Over the Candlestick, to save the Dream Man and his Cloud Balloons. After that the people from the PETER PATTERN BOOK and REAL MOTHER GOOSE had their picnic. Book-Elf had been reading about Angeline, the little heroine of the book called ANGELINE GOES TRAVELING, when the famous Kit Carson who had rescued her from the Indians in the story, walked up to him. "The Indians have broken the treaties of Story Book Land," he said. "Angeline has been recaptured by them and I can't help her this time for the Indians know me." "I know what I'll do," Book-Elf replied quickly, "John Gilpin, famous rider from ON THE ROAD TO MAKE-BELIEVE will help me round up the old adventurers Captain Dooley and Old Uncle Dan. Then we will all hasten to her rescue." Captain Dooley and Old Uncle Dan were swapping tales about their thrilling experiences when they were young. "You know I have landed big sharks single-handed, and caught any number of whales," said Old Uncle Dan.

"If King What-you-call-um discovers us here—The odor of stew always makes me feel queer On a far-away cannibal island."



quoted Captain Dooley from his story in ON THE ROAD TO MAKE-BELIEVE, as he told about his trip to the Fiji Islands to visit the cannibal king. Just as the old adventurers were bewailing the fact that nothing exciting ever happened any more, John Gilpin rode up on his horse. Book-Elf was sitting behind him. "What's all this?" cried Old Uncle Dan. "It's about Angeline," said Book-Elf. "The Indians have recaptured her and we

want you to come with us and rescue her." "Ship ahoy," shouted Captain Dooley, "this sounds like the old days. Let's go." And away they all ran with John Gilpin leading on his horse. "Kit Carson said to take a short cut to the woods across the field," Book-Elf told them, "then we can get ahead and wait." Just as they had planned, shortly after reaching the woods they saw the Indian coming with Angeline. "I'll wait until they have passed us and then ride after them and pull Angeline from the Indian. Then you all chase him away," John Gilpin whispered to them. It happened so quickly, Angeline was bewildered as they crowded around her all asking questions at once. "I didn't want to play with the little Papooses but the Indians thought I did," Angeline told them as she thanked each one for helping to rescue her.

(To be continued)



Book-Elf, Rand McNally's Bookshelf Dept. M-19
536 South Clark Street, Chicago

Dear Book-Elf:

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☐ Help me to select books for the boys and girls whose names and ages I am sending herewith.

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 A piece for my brother, a piece for me,
 Mother knows it's best for us both, you see!

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